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TALES

OF THE

MUNSTER FESTIVALS.

Just Published,

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HOLLAND TIDE, or, IRISH POPULAR TALES.

"We dismiss these Tales with an expression of cordial and unreserved praise; they contain scenes which are hardly surpassed as to truth and power, by any thing which has yet proceeded from the pen of Sir Walter Scott."—*Monthly Review*, &c.

TALES

OF THE

MUNSTER FESTIVALS

CONTAINING,

CARD DRAWING; THE HALF SIR;

AND

SUIL DHUV, THE COINER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HOLLAND-TIDE, OR IRISH POPULAR TALES."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

FROM a cause which is so universally known that it needs scarcely be indicated here, a degree of importance appears to be at present attached to works of this nature, with which, before our own time, the graver efforts of literature alone were invested. It may be useful, therefore, that the reader should be made aware, in very few words, of the design and object of these volumes, before we venture to submit them to his judgment.

They are an attempt to illustrate the man-

ners and other peculiarities of a particular district of Ireland (which, though presenting many highly interesting features to the eye of the novelist, has hitherto been altogether neglected), by a series of Tales, each of which shall fix its main action on one of the popular Festivals of the year, or days which are set apart for the observance of certain traditional rites and gala ceremonies. This is merely done to enable the writer to avail himself of the convenience of a *plan*—not that the account of the Festival itself is intended to form, by any means, a leading feature in the story.

The Law na Breedha or Candlemas day—the Law na Stephaun, or St. Stephen's day—and the Eha na Shaun or St. John's Eve (all of which are still kept in yearly observance throughout those districts of the country which have fallen under the writer's observation)—are the Festivals comprised in the present series. The few Irish sentences or expressions which occur in the course of the

work, are taken *ex ore*, and spelt rather according to their English pronunciation, than in compliance with the classical orthography of the language.

These particulars are perhaps all of which the reader need be apprised : but the author cannot conclude his brief preface without returning his warm acknowledgments to those gentlemen who reviewed the slight performance called "Holland-Tide," in the popular periodicals. If they should find in the present effort anything to justify their generous anticipations, the writer will have another, and a worthier pleasure added to the mere selfish enjoyment of gratified ambition. It is perhaps the foible of an author to grow out of conceit with a task which he has once executed, however intensely it may have filled his mind before it was transferred to paper; to become enamoured of a new design, and to imagine himself capable of better things. Without presuming to say that he was altogether free

from so natural a vanity as he drew near the conclusion of these volumes; the author is, nevertheless, far from desiring to put it forward as a ground for farther indulgence.

INTRODUCTION.

THE tide was almost out when I arrived, in the summer which has just gone by, on the eastern shore of the bay of Bealcraigh or Scagh, which runs into the wildest portion of the County of Clare, within several miles of the mouth of the Shannon. I had proposed taking in my route up the river, the celebrated isle of Scattery, which now looked dim and distant with its round tower and ruined churches, near the mouth of the bay. It was with no little chagrin, therefore, I discovered that not a single boat on the shore would

float for several hours, after the lapse of which, as I was informed by a smart little child, with her gown turned up in a womanly fashion over her head—"the boatmen would lay me anywhere down the river I'd like, an welcome, without a hai'p'ny expense;" but it would be too late to stop at St. Sinon's isle.

There was little, moreover, in the scenery which immediately surrounded me, that could furnish sufficient employment to keep off the demon of *ennui*, during the slow and creeping progress of the glassy tide. A black looking country, covered, as far as my eye could reach, all round the spacious bay, with numerous turf-yards and farm-houses of the humblest description, possessing wildness without grandeur, and tameness without beauty—destitute even of the least particle of foliage, however amusing it might appear to the traveller from its novelty, would afford a very poor subject for the pencil of the draughtsman; and,

modestly calling to mind how very indifferently landscapes of real beauty had fared under my pencil, I prudently calculated that the result of a similar operation in the present instance could not be very interesting.

While I loitered, therefore, along the shore, crushing the cast crab-shells and withered sea-weed under my feet, watching a group of country people and turf boatmen who were loading one of their heavy open craft (which lay at some distance bedded on her side in the slob) with potatoes for some inland market, and turning an impatient glance on the silent water, as it stole by half inches over the dun and weary extent of level mud that spread between the strand and channel, and gradually began to fill the ruts and foot-prints about the vessel's keel, my attention was arrested by the sound of a female voice at a few paces behind.

I turned round, and was presently accosted by a modest-looking woman, neatly dressed in

the scarlet, fur-trimmed cloak, clean white cap and riband, which are popular among the cottage fashionables. Her business was to inform me, that her husband, Patcy Magrath (the word was spoken with a slight confusion and downcast timidity of manner, which intimated that he had not long enjoyed that blissful title), the owner of the boat, and of a neat white cottage which lay *convenient*, seeing a strange gentleman walking on the strand, had bid her say, that he'd take it as a favour, if I'd just step in and take a chair, until the boat would be afloat, when the boy would be sure to let me know.

I accepted the invitation, with suitable acknowledgments, and, following my tidy conductress, was presently shewn into a neat, boarded room, furnished with a few wooden chairs, an old gothic-panneled press, a few highly-coloured religious prints, and a plain oak table, near which was seated a personage of so singular an appearance, that

I shall venture to describe him at full length.

He was an old man—unfortunately, a sour old man—lean and long-limbed, and affecting, as much as he possibly might, without rendering himself absolutely ridiculous, a costume which appeared to me to bear a close resemblance to some of the most antique of our national habiliments. His pantaloons, which in younger days might have fitted tight on the limbs over which they now lay lapped in many an ungainly fold, might have passed, but for its singleness of hue, for an ancient truis—his hat, which now lay on the table, broad-brimmed and conical in the crown, seemed but another fashion of the birrede of the Ollamh—his hair was thrown back on all sides from his brow and face, so as to fall in the form of a glib on the neck behind —and his cloak (rather perhaps from his manner of wearing it than from its actual

form) might not inaptly be compared to the Milesian fillead.

Near the window, which looked on the bay, sat a respectable-looking, middle-aged woman, of a gentle, pleasing countenance, which still retained all the elements of beauty, although the weeds of widowhood, which the possessor wore, and the pale cheek and sobered glance which harmonized with them so sweetly, yet so mournfully, shewed that the days had gone by when she valued the endowment. She rose from her seat as I entered, and received me with a low courtesy and smile of welcome, after which she resumed her place and her knitting in silence. The strange gentleman merely measured my person with a sullen and supercilious eye, and continued to pore over a tattered volume which lay before him.

The ungracious tone in which he replied to an apology made him by my conductress, for the delay to which he was unavoidably sub-

jected, deterred me from attempting to draw him into any conversation, and wishing to detain the young woman, who appeared to be the only social individual of the three, I said, looking at a medal which was suspended by a blue riband over the wooden chimney-piece, and on which I could discern the word "Trafalgar," with the date of poor Nelson's victory:—

"Your husband has served, I perceive?" And I pointed with my finger to the medal.

"Oh, no, Sir," she replied, laughing; "passen what service he seen aboord the turf-boat up an down from Limerick, I believe he hasn't a hai'porth to tell more than meself."

"Why do you laugh?"

"Because, Sir," replied the elder matron, who sat near the window, "she thought what an old husband she'd have in Patcy, if he had served in that battle."

"It is true," said I, a little confused, "and

I ought to have recollected it—and I should be very sorry to see so pretty a girl matched with an old man—" (here the gentleman at the table looked at me askance, inside his spectacles)—" even though he *had* fought by the side of our great hero."

This speech restored me to favour, and in a little time the younger woman informed me in an under tone, that the medal belonged to her aunt Dorgan's husband, who had died about a year before, and whose widow (the very person who had just divined the cause of her merriment) had resided with her husband and herself since their marriage—an event which, she intimated with a becoming blush and stammer, had taken place about three months since.

" That medal, I dare say," said I, " was an honour of which he was very proud."

" It was an honour, Sir, that nearly cost him dear enough, at one time," replied my informant.

"How was that?"

"I will tell you that, Sir," she said, in a half whisper, "when my aunt, poor woman, laves the room, as she's goen at this minute, and she mightn't like to be reminded of it, poor creatur."

I congratulated myself that I had not blundered upon these awkward reminiscences in society where fashion and education have unhappily fostered a morbid refinement of feeling, and where, in all probability, a more distant allusion than I had here made would have left me to answer for a hysterical passion, or a fainting fit. When the handsome widow, in a little time after, had dropped her quiet courtesy, and left the room, I reminded her young niece of the promise I had received. She gave me, in as few words as possible, the incidents of the Irish seaman's adventure—which were affecting in themselves, and rendered doubly so by the natural and feeling manner in which she delivered them.

"It would make an interesting Tale," said I, when she had concluded.

The elderly gentleman here again raised his head, and peering on me through his half-closed eye-lashes, with a sneering smile, as if he would say, "You know a great deal about the matter, I dare swear—" he once more resumed his studies.

"Talking of tales," I continued, wishing to analyse the old gentleman, as soon as we were left alone together, which happened shortly after—"it is surprising that while so many able pens are employed in delineating the manners and scenery of all other parts of Ireland—this unique and interesting people, and the magnificent wonders of their coast should have altogether escaped attention."

This I said with a certain tone of authority and loudness, as if to compel a degree of deference from my morose companion. He replied, however, in a gruff tone, and without

raising his eyes from the book—"I'm very glad they have, I'm sure—I'd be very sorry it was otherwise."

"I believe you are rather singular in that opinion," said I, "and it is fortunate for our novelists that you are so. Tales of this nature are, I believe, very popular at present."

"I have something else to do besides reading them," he replied.

"You are a fortunate man," said I, "if you can employ *all* your time more profitably and agreeably. For my part, I am of opinion that they might be made the vehicle of not only very agreeable, but very useful information. Besides, they throw a train of pleasing associations around the people whose manners they describe, which never fades nor is forgotten, and which is found to serve them among their neighbour-nations in a hundred ways. For instance, if a Venetian, or a Mid-Lothianite, and a Munsterman were asking an alms, and I (a citizen of the world, having no country

claims with any of the three), had but a penny to give in charity, I should at once bestow it upon the Venetian or the Scot, while the poor Munsterman might go empty-handed, because his birth-place had not at once brought to my recollection the delightful illusions of an Otway or a Jedediah Cleishbotham. I will go yet farther, and say, that the conscientious novelist, supposing that he drew his portraitures scrupulously from Nature, might effect a still higher purpose. He might furnish the statesman and the legislator with an index to the dispositions and habits of the people he was to govern, and who were too distant for personal inquiry or observation."

The old gentleman appeared to like my pertinacity. He wiped his spectacles, put them into their case, and closed his book while I was speaking, as if he were preparing to take my hypothesis to pieces at his leisure.

"You are like the music-master in Moliere,"

said he, again looking at me with his smile of contemptuous toleration, "who attributes all the wars, famines, pestilences, I believe, crimes, murders, and all other miseries and enormities, by which mankind are disgraced and punished, to a want of the general diffusion of musical knowledge. You seem to have the same faith in the influence of novels that he had in that of catgut and rosin. You would, I suppose, have a typhus fever, or a scarcity of potatoes, remedied by a smart tale, while you would knock a general insurrection on the head, with a romance in three volumes!"

"Not so fast," said I, "mine was no such Utopian fancy. I gave the class of writers in question, their moderate proportion of value—but you appear to be one of those who must have them do all or nothing—who—to use one of our Irish proverbs—if a man were to carry you on his back from this to O'Brien's bridge, would fling him into the stream for not carrying you over."

"I am one of those," said the old gentleman, who appeared to be best pleased with rough usage, "who think that a ruined people stand in need of a more potent restorative than an old wife's story. The author of the English Lexicon said of a conceited dramatist, who attributed something of a similar influence to one of his productions—'that those who affected to think the Church of England in danger, might also affect to think that a play could save it;' and so may I now say that those who affect to think that the condition of Ireland can ever be made prosperous, may also affect to think that such an alteration may be brought about by a novel. But if such a ridiculous idea can be seriously entertained for an instant, this, at least, is certain—We are in no wise indebted to those writers, however brilliant their acquisitions or endowments may be, who, professing to present faithful illustrations of the minds and hearts of our countrymen, greedily rake up the forgotten

superstitions of our peasantry, and exhibit the result of their ungracious researches, the unhappy blemishes of our island, the weaknesses of our poor uninstructed peasantry, over which decency and good feeling would have thrown a veil, to the eyes of a world that, unfortunately for us, is but too eager to seize every occasion for mockery and upbraiding against our forlorn and neglected country."

I heard this with a disagreeable consciousness, for which, perhaps, the reader may be enabled to account when he has perused the whole of these volumes. It was the first hit the old gentleman made, which told upon my conscience. I rallied speedily, however. "You would have them write then," said I, "on the plan of some American novelists, who take care to construct their narrative, so as that they may be enabled to Jonathanize all the virtues, while all the villains of the tale shall be either Indians or Englishmen. For my part, I be-

lieve, and I am proud to say it, the great majority of my countrymen are far superior to that narrow-minded, national conceit which cannot relish a strong truth (even admitting it to be over-seasoned for the sake of *effect*), and which would prefer idle flattery to instruction."

"Nay," said the old gentleman, "but deal fairly with us. Give our lights, if you will not overlook our shadows. I would ask you with Falstaff, 'is there no virtue extant?' Look around, and say whether the darkness and guilt that forms the burthen of those fictions which you defend, does not far overbear the actual proportion in real life? Have not our bogs and mountains their scenes of quiet contented virtue—of noble suffering—of generous forgiveness—of strong, rude intellect and constant love, to match the 'black attone' of turbulence—impatience—revenge—credulous folly, and licentious passion which you would attribute to them? Or if the idea of mirth and

innocence, and milk and water be so closely associated in their eyes—let them turn to the Ireland that once *was*—and say, whether they cannot find there a theme worthy of the most splendid and varied capabilities. Are there not materials for descriptive energy in the sports of Tailton, the cosherings of the tioseach, and the concerts of the crotaries? Is there not sufficient variety of character, comic, tragic, chivalrous, and profound, from the daltin up to the Ard-righ? Can the Jerna of the Stagyrite, and Orpheus of Crotona—the Juverna of Juvenal, of Pomponius Mela, and Solinus—the Iuernia of Ptolemy—the Iris of Diodorus Siculus—the Iren of the author of Gildas Badonicus—the Ierne of Claudian, of Strabo, and of Stephen of Bizance—the Ogygia of O'Flaherty and Plutarch," [not Plutarch and O'Flaherty] "the Hibernia of Cæsar, of Pliny, Tacitus, and Orosius, can this ancient land afford no subject for the imagination of

the writer of fiction among the sixteen nations described by Marcianus Heracleota, in his tract called Periplous?"

"This leaves Jenkinson and the cosmogony far in the distance," said I in my own mind, surveying my companion with a certain involuntary feeling of suspicion which I have entertained towards very learned talkers ever since I read Goldsmith's tale. Before I could reply, my hostess entered to tell me that the boat was afloat; and I saw, on looking from the window, the men tugging hard at the peak-halliard, while the loose and tarred mainsail flapped in the pleasant westerly wind that was just springing up. I left the antiquarian, for such I now conjectured him to be, at his studies, and hastened on board.

The reader will perceive that I have acted on the hints furnished by my fair hostess, in the first of these Tales, and should they meet

with the sunshine of his approbation, it may be easy to shew, before long, that I have not slept on that which was thrown out by the Periwinkle of the bogs.

CARD DRAWING.

SONNETS.—INTRODUCTORY.

I.

Friends, far away—and late in life exiled—
Whene'er these scattered pages meet your gaze,
Think of the scenes where early fortune smiled—
The land that was your home in happier days—
The sloping lawn, to which the tirēd rays
Of evening stole o'er Shannon's sheeted flood—
The hills of Clare, that in its softening haze,
Looked vapour-like and dim—the lonely wood—
The cliff bound Inch—the chapel in the glen,
Where oft with bare and reverent locks we stood,
To hear th' Eternal truths—the small, dark maze
Of the wild stream that clipp'd the blossom'd plain,
And toiling through the varied solitude,
Uprais'd its hundred silver tongues and babbled praise.

II.

That home is desolate!—our quiet hearth
Is ruinous and cold—and many a sight
And many a sound are met of vulgar mirth,
Where once your gentle laughter cheered the night—
It is as with your country. The calm light
Of social peace, for her is quenched too—
Rude Discord blots her scenes of old delight,
Her gentle virtues scared away—like you.
Remember her, when in this Tale ye meet
The story of a struggling right—of ties
Fast bound, and swiftly rent—of joy—of pain—
Legends, which by the cottage-fire sound sweet—
Nor let the hand that wakes those memories
(In faint, but fond assay) be unremembered then.

CARD DRAWING.

Is this my welcome home?—SOUTHERNE.

THOSE who are deservedly loud in their commendations of the gallantry displayed by British seamen during the last war, have generally been willing to admit that those supporters of the national flag whom Ireland sent to man our fleets, did not tread the decks like children. We shall, however, content ourselves with referring our readers who may be curious on the subject, to the chronicles of Mr. James, or any other naval Tacitus of the day, for examples of the truth of the observation, as we wish not to encumber our slender narrative with any unnecessary historical detail.

Whether Mr. James records the exploits of a certain Duke Dorgan, a young sailor, from the shores of Kerry, or no, I am not aware; but it is not likely that many names have been enrolled in his pages more distinguished by a modest valour (such as contents itself with doing all for duty, and nothing for vanity), than that of the person we have just mentioned. The result of his professional exertions, and of a common-rate prudence (a rare naval virtue in the present day, and still more so at the time we speak of), was, the fortunate arrival of the young man on his native shores, with a character unspotted by any act of insubordination or servility, and a quantity of prize-money sufficient (and more than sufficient) to supply the "chair-days" of his life, with every comfort that necessity suggested, and every luxury to which his limited experience in that way, might induce him to aspire. There were circumstances, however, in his early life, which, independent of any view to

mere personal gratification, made him feel happy in his competence.

"You are in the right," says the fine-minded and light-hearted Ganganelli in one of his letters to a friend, "to engraft the Italian gaiety upon the French: it is the way to live to a hundred." In like manner might his historian say of Duke Dorgan, that he engrafted the Irishman's gaiety upon the sailor's, and produced the blossoms of the one, and the fruit of the other, in such abundance, as made him highly popular among his mess-mates. He was, to speak in less figurative language, a lively, handsome, clear-headed, intelligent young person, with a round, well-moulded frame, bright auburn curling hair, and a hazel eye of excelling shrewdness, and when occasion required, of sparkling violence and resolution, indicating a mind of irregular strength, and a heart in which the passions had not been always subjected, notwithstanding the general even tenour of his life, to the

most rigid discipline. But as the reader may observe throughout these tales, an ambition to render them almost as analogous to the drama as Fielding rendered his to the epic, (a circumstance in which the public taste seems, fortunately, to coincide with our inclination), we shall allow our hero to introduce himself, in the fashionable manner, in the course of an incidental scene, which took place on the evening when his vessel arrived in the offing of Loup Head, the well known point of land which forms the northern extremity of the shore that bounds the queen of Irish streams.

This part of the coast is remarkable for some wild and striking points of scenery, similar, in its general character, to those by which nearly the whole range of the south-western coast is distinguished. The traveller is struck by the boldness and ruggedness of the lofty cliffs which oppose their rocky strength to the waves of the Atlantic, and by

the magnitude of the caverns underneath, which, previous to the late vigorous exertions made by the guardians of the revenue, afforded a number of useful natural warerooms to the contrabandists who traded to and from the Flushing coast, and served at the same time as lurking-places to the seals, the hunting of which constituted, at that period, one of the chief sources of profit to the fishermen of the neighbouring villages. At a small distance from the Light-House which is erected at the head, there stood, during the war, one of those signal towers, by which telegraphic intelligence was transmitted round the Cape, as far as Cork, whenever a hostile sail ventured within the influence of an Irish breeze in the offing; and still farther in the direction of the river's source was the village of Kilbaha, whose commerce consisted then, as well as at present, in turf, transmitted by boats to the interior of the country. The coast is very thickly inhabited, and the people yet preserve

in a great degree, the primitive and natural manners of their progenitors. They talk Irish —kill fish—go to sea in canoes—traffic in kind—eat potatoes and oaten bread—and exercise themselves in offices of kindness and hospitality towards strangers. This latter virtue has, however, in some parts of the region suffered injury from the efflux of bathers from the interior in the summer season, which taught them the use and convenience of ready money, in preference to their patriarchal modes of payment; and gave them, unfortunately, a more decided impression of its value than was consistent with the general character of Munster cottagers. The effect appears to have been similar to that which the liberality of English travellers has produced on the continent.

But that portion of the county which constitutes the extreme South West, and which is almost cut off from the remainder, by the large creek or bay of Scagh, which reduces it

almost to a peninsula, presents a very remarkable contrast, in the condition and moral character of its inhabitants, to all the rest of Munster—perhaps we might say, Ireland. The country, though exceeding bleak and wild at first sight, is found on further acquaintance to be well cultivated, producing oats, potatoes and flax in considerable quantities. On ascending any eminence and looking around, the land appears to the traveller to be little better than one lonely waste of bog —the huts or mud cottages being of the general colour of the soil, and scarcely distinguishable from it, while the whole wears a dull and monotonous hue, to which the numerous turf-reeks scattered over the landscape contribute in a great degree. On closer observation, however, he begins to discern innumerable clusters of wigwam mud cabins, some of an unusual size, with thatched bee-hive roofs, corded so as to provide against the winter storms. Their inhabitants are all of one class;

scarcely a single dwelling-house of what is termed a respectable appearance existing in the neighbourhood of the cottager—

"To shame the meanness of his humble shed."

They are contradistinguished from Irish landholders in general, by their apparent poverty and real wealth (many a tenant of clay walls being able without much inconvenience to give a dowry of some hundreds to his daughter)—as well as by their regular persevering industry—their extreme ignorance—their want of curiosity in all speculative matters—and their perfect unacquaintance with those popular themes of debate, which set all the rest of the island by the ears. They till their gardens quietly, as their fathers did before them—learn little and care for less—obey their priest in all reasonable matters, and pay him like princes—go to market with their oats and potatoes—eat—drink—dance—laugh—sleep and die. They have no tyrants—no proctors—no middlemen—no demagogues—no meetings—

no politics. Under whatever standard the horn of insurrection is sounded through other parts of Ireland, whether under Rock, his lady, Starlight, Moonshine, or Moll Doyle, its echo dies into silence long before it has reached the peace-accustomed ears of this primitive people. Limited in their desires still more than in their enjoyments, the political condition of the country affects them but little—and they are silent even on the eternal topic of Catholic Emancipation. What is of the utmost advantage, so far as the peace and good order of the community is concerned, there are very few idle young men in the country—as the tillage of their gardens during one portion of the year, and the preparing of sand manure, of turf, marketing, and making *kelp* on the coast during the remainder, compel them to labour hard and continually. The tone of mind which the people display, is certainly not in accordance with the magnificent natural wonders which abound on the coast, and of which the reader will find some

sketches, at their appropriate places in the body of the tale.

If, however, the object of all improvement in science or knowledge be to increase the happiness of men, it is very questionable, whether it would be acting the part of a friend to this people, to wish that they should be deprived of the bliss of ignorance and comfort in which they are at present shrouded—so far at least as the luxuries of life are concerned. Certainly, we express no inimical sentiment in hoping that it may be long before they are split and sundered into the unsocial distinctions of rank—before they prefer elegant poverty to humble comfort—before a selfish landlord (no unprecedented occurrence) shall scatter the peasantry from their happy, lowly homes—and yeomanize the soil.

On the evening when Dorgan's ship stood towards the mouth of the river, the inmates of the signal tower before mentioned were endeavouring to quicken the tardy-gaited hours of

sunset, by all the contrivances which their tastes and opportunities could enable them to use. The lieutenant of the water guards was quietly seated in his apartment, sipping a tumbler of what he called *stiff* punch—with his waistcoat thrown open, his legs stretched out, and a cooling sea breeze just fanning the long hair that shaded his red and jolly countenance. In the room underneath, were two sailors at draughts and grog, while outside the open window, seated on a wooden form, and basking in the evening sun, were a number of the guards, chatting with two or three rosy cheeked-girls who sat near them, blushing and smiling in all the conscious finery of clean caps and ribands, and mincing out their few phrases of English to the best advantage—that being yet considered as a kind of holiday dialect in these districts.

"Oy say, you Paddy there with the halter about your waist (instead of your neck)," said one of the soldiers to a lean, pale-looking, sullen-eyed, hard, straight-lipped fellow, with

a few staring locks of dank hair scattered on his brow, and a hay rope tied sashwise about his person—"Oy say, can you tell us what all them 'ere papishes are doing about the shore?"

He pointed to several groups of the country men, women, and children, who were employed in gathering heaps of a species of sea-weed among the rocks on the water's edge, at the little bay of Fodhra; while others were kneeling in prayer at different parts of the coast. The person to whom the querist addressed himself for information, seemed, by the more than equable indifference with which he listened to the insulting speech of the latter, to be one of those beaten down characters, to whom degradation is so familiar, that they had rather lie tamely under the most contemptuous slights, than undergo the intolerable labour of supporting an independent and manly bearing. He possessed all (and more than all) the complaisance, without any of the confident and

ready spirit of the Irish character—but underneath all the cringing servility of his manner—the ready obedience of eye and ear—and the musing, absent dulness of demeanour which formed the outer crust and pastry work of the man, there was in his small grey eye, mouth close shut and forming one hard line across, thin straight hair, and meagre, unfed cheek, an unpleasant depth of character, such as Julius Cæsar (that hater of lean and hungry looks) might not have loved to contemplate.

"Gatheren' the *dhoolamaun* they are, Sir," he said in reply to the question of the guard. "Dhoolamaun," he continued, answering to the puzzled look of the latter—"that's a kind of say-weed that they take home wit 'em to boil and make greens of."

"Make *greens* of the *sea-weed!*" exclaimed the Englishman—"Well, come—that's a good un, however. Oy say, Jack!" addressing himself to one of the two sailors, who were still pursuing their game of draughts in the room

behind, (with the rapidity peculiar to the naval adepts in this pastime)—"you come here and see what a bull Paddy has made."

"*Stall* the animal until I've done my game," replied the sailor, "I huff your man, Tom, play on."

"Well, Paddy—" continued the witty protector of His Majesty's colours—"and what are those folks doing on their marrow bones along the shore? Saying mass, eh?"

"Oh, not at all, Sir—none could say that only a priest. They're sayen a prayer that way, Sir, o' 'count o' Candlemas-day—a great feast, or *holliday*, Sir—an ould custom they have."

"Are *you* a papish, Paddy?"

"Oyeh then, I'm nothen at all now, Sir—I *was* a fish-joulter, but the times are hard wit uz," said the man with inimitable simplicity.

"A fish-jolter?" said the guard, "that's a sect I ha' nt heard of. How should you like to go to sea, I say, you Irish Paddy?"

"He'd like it well enough" said the sailor, "if he could live the same lubber's life between decks, with nothing to do from morning to night but scold the cabin boy, and kick the cat into the lee scuppers. You Irish make tight sailors for all that.—A king, Tom—crown him—back water there, man, you can't move your man that way."

A cry of "a sail" from some person stationed overhead, interrupted this refined conversation, and drew the attention of the interlocutors to the waste of ocean, which lay nursing its giant strength in a lolling calm before them. The signal was immediately hoisted on the tower, and answered by the vessel with the emblems of friendship. In a short time after, a small boat was lowered from her side, and manned for the shore. When she touched the beach, a young man in a sailor's jacket and trowsers with a small bundle in his hand, leaped lightly to shore after shaking hands cordially with each of the crew in turn. They

gave him a cheer as he ascended the rocks, which he answered by waving his hat several times in the air. The draught players and the group at the Tower, all but those on guard, sauntered towards the beach leaving the countryman who had been the object of their mirth alone at the window.

He looked after them for some moments with a changed and darkening eye. "A sailor!" he exclaimed at length in soliloquy —"its easy for 'em to talk, an to laugh, an be merry—if they were as long without vittels as I am, I'll engage 'twould be a new story wit 'em. Go to *say*, says he? Why then, I declare, 'twould be 'a'most as good as for me to be this way always.—If it be a man's *luck* to be shot or drown'ded, sure better that at wanst than to be ever an always pullen ould Nick be the tail, from year's end to year's end.—When Duke Dorgan went to *say* I was glad of it, because he left little Pennie Mc Loughlen to myself, an I thought when he'd be away that I'd

have the field clear both with herself and the father. But in a place o' that here I am now driven out o' house, an home, an all that's happennen, Duke is to be out o' harm's way at any rate." Here he stopped and fixed his eyes steadfastly on the young man before mentioned. "There's an old saying, that if you talk o' the old boy himself, he'll appear, an if that beant Duke Dorgan, or his ghost walken eastwards, I'm dark, for certain. I'll try him nearer."

He hurried after the young sailor, who had taken the path leading towards Kilbaha, and was merrily pursuing his route, chaunting in a quarter-deck key, a stave of the popular sea song of Willy Taylor, and his "lady free," casting, as he sung, a rather anxious eye toward the waste of barren heath and sand which lay between him and the interior.

"With that she called for sword and pistol
"Which did come at her command—
"An she shot her Willie Taylor
"With his fair one in his hand."

"I say messmate," he said as the country-

man approached him—"can you tow me on the track of Carrigaholt?"

"The path is under your futt every step o' the way," said the man.—Then after pacing behind him in silence for a few minutes—"Why then, for one that puts out the futt so slow, I never seen any body carry so much o' the road wit 'em,* as you do, Mr. Duke, lord bless you."

"You know me?" said the other, turning and fixing his eye on the speaker; then with an air of greater reserve, as he recognized the face—"and I ought to know you, too. That face is Pryce Kinchela's—if you have'nt stole it from him."

"I wish that was all I had belongen to Pryce Kinchela about me," said the man, heavily.

"I am glad to see you, Pryce."

"I don't know whether you are or not, Duke; but *I*'m glad to see *you*—although you may well doubt me word. I am an altered man

* Make so great progress.

since you left the country—and the foolish spite that you an I had then about Pennie Mac Loughlen—(the Silver Penny as you called her —an the Luck Penny as I called her) is no more than boy's play, to the cause I got since from others.—That girl, Duke, was no Luck Penny to either you or me. After her father refused you, an you went to sea—sure what do you think o' me but med up to her, an if I did you'd think it was to threaten to murder her I did, the father got so wild—an ever after he kep persecuten me right and left, until he did'nt lay me a leg to stand on. If you're not tired, an would wish to rest a piece here on this rock, I'll tell you how it was."

Dorgan complied—although the lengthening shadows on the sand and the freshening breeze of the sharp February evening advised him of the necessity of securing some place of shelter for the night.—Fearful of overburthening the reader with the quaint idiom of the country—of which perhaps, a superabundance must be

thrown into these histories—I shall, while Pryce is detailing his story to our young hero inform him, in more intelligible language, of the nature of the incidents which had reduced him to his present discontented condition of mind, and furnish a slight sketch of his character—both being mournfully illustrative of the state of Munster life in his rank.

Those, perhaps, who are fond of arguing on the existence of innate propensities in the human mind, which no influence of education, circumstance, or volition can oversway, might find reason to alter their opinion if an opportunity were afforded of tracing the history of the individual nature which formed the subject of disquisition back to its earliest impulse, either toward good or evil. However casuists may assert (in the face of honesty, and common sense), that the very exertion of the will itself which induces us to adopt any evil course is a species of compulsion, which relieves us in justice from responsibility, there is not one

even of those sensible fellows, who, in regretting an evil action, which he had thus under the tyranny of his own free will been compelled to commit, will dare to say to his own secret consciousness that he *could* not have held his hand at the moment that he knowingly acted ill. As the royal astrologer, however, says of the planets, in *La vida es Sueño*, that they incline, but do not compel the conduct of men, so might it be said of the influence of the exterior circumstances of life upon the human character—and judging from the general indolence of mankind in resisting the influence of those circumstances, it might be safely conjectured that the common routine of Munster cottage life and education would produce that recklessness of blood and outrage among *any* people, with which it has of late years been fashionable to charge the inhabitants of this quarter of Ireland—as *a natural propensity*. The two individuals whom we have just introduced to our readers, presented in-

stances of the effect of those circumstances, both in different ways. They were both taught to fight their own battles in childhood, both were instructed in the mysteries of the "Reading-made-easy," under the same hedge-school tyrant, a low ruffian, who, for the small sum of two and sixpence, or more Hibernically speaking, three tenpennies a quarter, undertook to pull their hair, break deal rulers (or *strokers*) upon their little hands, lift them up by the ears for the slightest orthographical mistake, lash their naked and bleeding shins three times a day with a huge birchen rod, by way of stimulating them to greater application, and teach them to read and write into the bargain. The manner in which the two boys acted under this treatment was very different. Pryce seldom complained, even to a school-fellow, of the torture which was inflicted on him; sometimes his lip trembled and a tear stood in his eye when the pain given was extreme, but generally the patience and fortitude of endurance

which he shewed, was such as to touch even the rocky heart of the Munster Dionysius with remorse. Duke, on the contrary, was a loud and noisy rebel; he kicked, plunged, remonstrated, threatened murder and assassination, and a thousand other things, which redoubled his afflictions, and which were forgotten by himself as soon as the latter were suspended. On three or four occasions, however, when the pedagogue had been particularly severe on both boys, he received on his way home through a wood in the neighbourhood a blow from a heavy stone, discharged by some secret hand, which never failed to draw the blood in profusion from his head, and at one time inflicted such a wound as considerably to endanger his life. His suspicions naturally fell on Duke, but to his astonishment and mortification, the clearest *alibi* was always made out for the boy, and no possible investigation could lead to the real delinquent. There was no doubt that one of his pupils was

the criminal, but whoever he might be, he kept the triumph of his revenge, contrary to the usual wont of school-boys, a secret from the whole world Duke, nevertheless, did not at any time attempt to conceal his satisfaction at the occurrence.

Another circumstance placed the dispositions of the youths in singular apposition. Among the little girls who occupied the row of round stones placed along the wall opposite to the boys, was a little flaxen-haired coquette named Penelope Mc Loughlen, whose blue eyes and cherry lips had made sad work in the hearts of the young dabblers in etymology. Their affection, however, was manifested in a very different manner. While Duke fought for her, carried her over streams and ditches, and treated her to an occasional "hayporth" of sugar-candy—Price mended her *feque*,* folded her thumb-paper, and taught her the analogy between C and half a griddle, H and

* Used in pointing the letters out—Orthographically—*fescue*.

a haggard-gate; so that like the wavering mistress of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, her affections were divided between the manly frankness, courage, and generosity of the former, and the silent attentions and profound learning of the latter lover. As they approached the years of manhood (he is a long-lived Irishman that reaches those of discretion), the relation of the parties towards each other continued almost the same; but that of the lady to them was altered. Her heart, according as its capability of discriminating and appreciating the worth of character became more acute, inclined toward the side of the frank and hearty Duke. He was, to use a homely but forcible metaphor which is popular in her country, "that kind of man that the wrong side of him was turned out every day," while her womanly shrewdness told her that she had not yet seen more than the sunny half of his rival. She ventured, with the due proportion of maiden reluctance and timidity, to confess this pre-

ference to the enraptured Duke, and with true filial spirit had her partiality ripened into passion lasting and immoveable, when her lover proposed for her and was scornfully rejected by her father. Duke went to sea, and Kinchela, after beating about the point with the caution which his rival's experience had taught him to use, tried his luck with no better success. It was indeed reported for some time after in the neighbourhood, that his rejection had been still more unceremonious than poor Dorgan's—a rumour which was probably founded on the fact that Penny never heard the circumstance alluded to without smothering a laugh, and that the old man (who was rather fiery in his temper) sent the shoe of his right foot to be mended the same evening, with a rent about the toe, which shewed as if considerable violence had been used with it. After this, Pryce had been, up to the present time, falling from cliff to cliff downward through the dark vale

of adversity, until he found himself at last stretched, fairly baffled, and spirit-broken at the bottom.

"And you take it so tamely!" exclaimed the young sailor, when Pryce had come to a close,—"I would have given the fellow a rope's end at any rate, if not round the neck, across the shoulders at least."

"Is that *all* you 'd do to him?" asked Pryce, quietly.

"All! 'Tis more, it seems, than you 'd do—but you were ever an' always a poor patient *slob*."

"Was I?" said Kinchela, with a smile, the expression of which, from his turning away his head while he spoke, it was evident he did not wish to give Duke an opportunity of speculating upon. "But I believe 'tis time for us to think of parting, Mr. Dorgan. If you stop in Carrigaholt to-morrow at the Bee-hive, you 'll see me there before you, and we 'll have a little more *crusheening* together yourself an myself; I have a call to make westwards before I go."

They parted—and Dorgan pursued his route, not without a certain feeling of contempt for the easy indifference with which his former rival sustained the spirit-rousing slights that had been cast upon him. These unpleasant feelings, however, were soon displaced by anticipations, such as might naturally be supposed to occur to a young and ardent heart on its return from a long exile to the home and the friends of his early life. He felt perfectly assured that old Mc Loughlen could not resist the influence of the wealth and honour he had acquired during many years of service, as eventful and perilous (for the deck which he trod was that which called Nelson captain), as ever British seaman braved; and as he was himself eminently tinged with that "forgive-and-forget" spirit which forms one of the characteristics of his nation, he looked forward with an impatient generosity to the hour of reconciliation. He turned aside in fancy from the father's rough hand-shake and repentant

greeting, to the blushing cheek and joyous eye of his now womanly Penny, whom he pictured to himself standing bashfully behind her father, and waiting with a throbbing heart and trembling frame to meet him with a true-love welcome. As he thought of those things he doubled his pace, and made the sand hills flit so rapidly behind him, that the traces of the outer coast were presently lost, and the sound of the distant waste of ocean came faint and far upon his ear.

The February evening soon began to draw to a close, and the wind, which blew from the sea, acquired a sharpness and coldness which furnished Dorgan with an additional though less sentimental reason for quickening his steps. He was almost in a solitude—the clouds began to lower and darken upon his path—while the occasional scream of a horse-gull as it swooped around him, and with difficulty upheld its light and feathery bulk against the rising wind, together with the

dreary whistling of that wind itself as it wafted over his head the sea-foam that was broken on the cliffs at half a mile distant, formed the only sounds that varied the dead monotony of the scene around him. The absence of public roads, moreover (for this was long before Mr. Killala, the excellent engineer, was sent to visit this part of the country), contributed to throw an air of greater wildness and loneliness over its surface, so that Dorgan felt by no means at his ease when the darkness, which speedily banished the reflection of the last ray of sunset from the sky, left him to grope his way, without a pilot through this tractless waste of gloom. His eyes, accommodating their power of vision in some time to the darkness which at first seemed almost equivalent to blindness, enabled him, after a few hours' hard walking, to discover at a little distance one of those miserable huts which but too often forms the only asylum in which the poor Munster cottager can find a refuge from

the tyranny of the "winter's flaw." The softness of the soil beneath his feet informed him, moreover, that he had arrived on better cultivated land, while a disparting at the same time of the vapours above enabled him to discover, a few perches from the place where he stood, a comfortable looking farm house, with a *haggard*, stored with two or three stacks of hay and reed. Unwilling to disturb at so unseasonable an hour the slumbering inmates of the dwelling, and uncertain, besides, of the reception he might meet with, Dorgan resolved to spend the remainder of the night in the dry and still recess formed by the grouping of the stacks. He stepped over the haggard stile, and, after shaking down some of the sweet hay on the ground, he flung himself at full length on this simple natural couch, placed his bundle under his head, and was speedily lost in the wilderness of monkey-visions among which the unchained Fancy of the sleeper loves to exercise her magic skill.

We cannot afford, nevertheless, to sit long idly by our hero while he slumbers, so that the reader will have the complaisance to ima gine the winter-night already past, and the summons of the "early" cock shrilling in his vexed and drowsy ear. As he awoke and turned on his rude pallet, the murmuring of human voices within a few feet of the spot where he lay, arrested his attention. He listened, almost unconscious of what he was doing, and totally forgetful of its impropriety, while the following conversation passed between two speakers. The voices were those of females; one of them, from the sweetness and richness of the tones, a young—and the other, from the harshness and hard vulgarity of the accent, evidently an old woman.

"I walked," said the younger, in a tone of gentle discontent and remonstrance, "three miles to meet you here since the day-dawn, and I must be back again and have the cows spancelled, and the milk set, and the men's

breakfast ready before my father gets up; for if he knew I came to see you, he'd kill me. And here you kept me a whole hour, waiting for you."

"Don't blame me, a-voureen," was the soothing reply; "I am an old woman, and you're so young, that your blood is running yet like cherry-brandy in your veins. When you see as much of the harm that's done in the day-light as I have, darlen, you won't be in such a hurry to shorten the night as you were this mornen."

"Well, let us say no more of it. You told me last night, before my father came in and found you in the kitchen, that you could tell me secrets that nobody knew but myself."

"What else did I get my gift for? When I was an infant at the breast, my mother *gay* me, by the directions of an *appàrrishun* that she seen, three drops of a cow's first milk after calving, before the young came a-near her, and that's the reason the gift is upon me now."

"Tell me, then," and here the girl hesitated a moment, "tell me, 'till I try you. Have I a sweetheart, or no?"

It needed not a ghost come from the grave to solve this profound question, and so thought Duke Dorgan, as he recognised in the elder female, from the tenour of the conversation, one of those idle and worse than idle characters whose trade it was, and is (though the increasing knowledge of the peasantry in other parts of the country has rendered their profits much less considerable than they were), to wander from house to house, defrauding silly cottage girls, and, rumour asserts, some silly men too, of their hardly-earned monies, under the pretence of giving them a fi'-penny or a ten-penny peep into futurity, according to the length of their purses and their curiosity. The means which these worthies most commonly used to arrive at a knowledge of "coming events" was some mystical calculation on a pack of cards; and instances

have fallen within the circle of our own experience where those "Card-drawers," as they are popularly termed, were permitted and invited to exercise their skill in gull-catching in other than cottage company.—But to continue our tale.

"Reach me your hand, darlen," said the Card-drawer, "ont'l I feel your pulse a piece." There was a pause of a few minutes when she resumed. "The blood beats warm, but it does'nt come from the heart. Your heart is not your own, and the boy that has it is far away from you."

A gentle exclamation of astonishment from the young inquirer shewed that the Card-drawer had judged right.

"Tell me news of him," was the next request, made in panting eagerness; "if it be good I will give you another half-crown."

"Oy, indeed!" said the Card-drawer, with an affected indignation, "as if all the silver in your purse, although it was as long as the

king's, that they say if you held one end of it and I held another, we never 'ud meet, would make bad good or good bad." Here Dorgan heard the shuffling of a pack of cards. "We'll try what it is, any way. Draw a card, an' face the east. What is it?"

"The King o' diamonds."

"Gondoutha! Good. Draw again. Well?"

"The ace o' hearts."

"Allilu! better an' better again, why. Draw once more."

"The Queen o' spades."

"That's yourself. All good. Your lover is comen home wit a sighth o' money, and as fond o' you as ever."

"I thank you, and you're a good creature," said the young female, in accents that were broken by the agitation of delight. "Hush! I hear something stirring near us. Good morning, the sun is high, and I'll be killed if my father finds me out, when he gets up."

"Stay one moment, a-gra-gal. You forget

that trifle you wor talken of. 'Tisn't for the sake o' the lucre I'd talk, but as we wor mentionen it at all—"

"Oh, the half-crown? I had quite forgot it, I declare. Here it is, my good woman. If what you say comes to pass, I will make that a great deal more; if you have been only deceiving me, because I am young, and my heart foolish and credulous, may heaven forgive you for it! it would be doing no better than to put a blind man on a wrong path."

"An' there 's few that would do that, a-calleen," said the Card-drawer, as turning full within Dorgan's sight, while he heard the young girl, whom she had been duping, trip lightly through the rushes, she put the piece of silver in a corner of her handkerchief, made a knot about it, and thrust it into her dark and withered bosom. Before she discovered him, as he lay stretched on the hay, our hero had a full opportunity of observing her face and figure; and as forming one of a class of per-

sons who exercised a considerable influence over the minds of the peasantry of her country, the reader perhaps will allow us to present a brief sketch of what he saw, in defiance of Meg Merrilies and all her bony sisterhood.

It is almost impossible to conceive how so many shreds and rags could hang together as composed this woman's dress. There did not appear to be two square inches about her in one piece, and her whole costume shook in the morning wind like the foliage of a tree, yet she had even a warm and comfortable look. Duke never saw in his life before, such a mountain of rags. How they were all united puzzled him more than the mystery of the tides of Negropont did the Stagyrite. Her shoes, or more properly (if they must have a name) her *brogues*, were in pieces, yet her feet were perfectly covered—partly with straw thrust into the fissures made in the leather, and in part with the fragments of an

old woollen stocking. To find a name for each article of clothing which she wore, would have been impossible.—She had, to speak truly, neither gown, nor petticoat, nor cloak—yet clad she was from top to toe, and that fully. It seemed as if her dress had been built up about her from the ground, of all manner of fragments. Her head-dress, as it was simple, was less equivocal than the rest of her costume.—It consisted of a large red and yellow handkerchief, under which her gray hair, rolled up on something similar to what ladies call a *Johnny*, was fastened—so as to present an appearance like that of a very low tête ; two corners of the kerchief were tied under her peaked and lengthy chin, while the others were suffered to flutter in the wind, or hang idly over the back of her head. Over her right shoulder was thrown a number of hare, kid, and rabbit skins, together with a bundle of unclarified goose-quills, both of which she had picked up in her peregrinations for a trifle, to dispose of them at a due

profit to the skin and feather merchants of St. John's Gate, in Limerick,—this forming the ostensible calling, under cover of which she carried on her more lucrative trade of "card drawing," or telling of fortunes.

The features of the Card-drawer, were calculated by their expression to aid her considerably in the efforts which she made to acquire an influence over the weak and credulous minds of those who were accustomed to consult her. The small weasel eyes, set at an extraordinary distance from each other, in which a person of common penetration could have discovered nothing more than the light of that "crooked wisdom," usually denominated cunning, which is so useful to persons of her profession, seemed to her wondering dupes to be full of a piercing sagacity, and a certain mysterious lustre, which made their hearts stir uneasily within them. Her forehead was broad and tanned by continual exposure to the weather—her nose flat and yet large, presenting, together with the

disagreeable breadth of space, of which it formed the centre between the eyes, something of the cast of countenance for which that race of Italians are remarkable, who are said to be the direct and lineal descendants of the old Romans. Her mouth appeared to be otherwise occupied than in affording Duke an opportunity of observing its proportions, for it was fast shut upon a pipe, the bowl of which was fastened on the barrel of a quill, that being a more capacious conductor of the comfortable fume, than the narrow earthen tube originally affixed to it.

She started, when she saw Dorgan stretched on his hay couch between the stacks, and gazing steadily on her. "Why, then, heaven bless you, child, but that's a dhroll place for you to be lyen; is it all night you wor out that way?"

"Tell me," said Dorgan, rising and taking his bundle, without attending to, indeed without hearing her question,—"who was that

young girl, that I heard speaking to you, just now?"

"I'm afear'd," said the Card-drawer, looking at him askance with one of her eyes, "you're in a greater hurry to hear that than I am to tell you. Would you make a betrayer o' me?"

"Not I, indeed," said Duke, "nor do I wish you to answer the question, if there be any confidence between you and her."

And turning on his heel, he was going to jump on the stile, leading to the common foot-path, when the old woman called to him.

"Easy a while, sailor! Would you like to have a body tell your forten?"

"My fortune?" said Duke, with a laugh,—"Go, you old rogue, did you think I'm one of your woodcocks? How would a sinner like you (if it isn't judging you—but we're all sinners) come into the knowledge of Heaven's secrets?"

"Oyeh, who pertends to any knowledge of 'em? I'm sure *I* don't. I see nothen—I hear

nothen—I know nothen.—'Tis all in this pack o' cards, it is—You draw for yourself—all I'll do, is to tell you what it is—I know no more o' you, than you do yourself, till you draw, an' then the cards 'll tell us."

Although Dorgan had very little of the superstitious credulity which is common to most sailors in his composition, he was not destitute of a certain portion of youthful curiosity. He paused a moment, his hand resting on the stile while he surveyed the old woman with a gaze of mingled condescension and smiling incredulity.—"And what must I pay you for your nonsense, old lady?"

"May I never die in sin, if I'd ask anythen more genteel and off-hand, than that dollar that's danglen be the ribbin to the breast o' your coat."

"Dollar!" Dorgan exclaimed, with another loud laugh, "You exorbitant hag! Would you have me sell you my laurels? This is my Trafalgar medal." And he gazed on it with

an eye in which fondness and pride were mingled.

The Card-drawer drew back respectfully, and curtsied to the very ground.—"If you were one of Nelson's sailors," said she,—"that great lord, that all the world is in mourning for, this way, I'll take nothen from you. Here draw your fate, an' welcome."

"I will," replied Dorgan,—"but not gratis, my good woman. Here," putting a half-crown into her hand, and assuming a more cordial manner (which I request my reader will not attribute to the flattering humility of the Card-drawer's demeanour)—"put up this—and let me draw my fate, as you call it."

"The heavens bless your honour! Face the East, sir. Well what have you drawn?"

"A scoundrelly, bandy-legged knave o' clubs."

"I am sorry for you, young man," said the Card-drawer, in a tone of deep concern.

"Draw again, sir, and hope for better luck. Well, what card is that?"

"The same squint-eyed knave, as I'm alive. Is there ill-luck in the fellow's phiz?"

"You must draw three cards, before I can answer any questions. Here!—there is but one other chance between you and a very ill forten. Well, is there any better luck, now?"

Dorgan drew a third time, and started back when he looked on the card, as if he had seen a ghost.

"I insist," said he vehemently, "on seeing the pack—there are none but knaves o' clubs in your hands."

"O shame an' sorrow, *asthora-ma-chree*, why should you say sech a thing as that?—See, yourself. Is'nt that a fair an' honest pack o' cards? 'Tisn't to draw the knave o' clubs agin you done, is it?"

"I 'll be hanged if I haven't though" said Duke, troubled and fretted in spite of himsel at the singular coincidence—which he perhaps

too readily believed to be uncontrived on the part of the old woman.

"You 'll be hanged if you *have*, you ought to say," she replied, assuming a solemn earnestness of tone and look.

"I *will* be hanged then," said the sailor—"for there is the card."

"Whoever you are," the Card-drawer replied, after shaking her head and looking steadfastly at him for a few moments, "you are a free-handed, spirited boy, an' my heart within me is sorry for you. If you left your ship for fear of a sailor's death, or a sailor's grave, you may return to her again, for your doom is not to be upon the waters. There's a threatnen of a voylent deed, and a voylent an' a shameful death in the card you drew. If you have a spite agin any body, or if it be a thing any body would have the likes agin you, I tell you, an warn you to beware an look about you. Feel your way before you, for a black doom is waiten for you. Once more I advise you,

look well to yourself, an' dale quietly wit all people. Good mornen to you, lad, and heaven send you better look then you're promised —an' a rough road, porcupine saddle, an' a high-trotten horse to all your innimies." And so saying, the old woman concealed the cards in some part of her dress, and hurried through the haggard, muttering, as soon as she passed out of hearing, "There why! May be I did 'nt make you pay for your peepen, for once. He has somethen to think of now to keep his mind from harm, any way."

Although we have before said that Duke Dorgan was by no means feeble-minded, or idly credulous, it would be claiming for him, perhaps, a vigour of intellect which is but little characteristic of the members of his class of society, in any country in the world, if we asserted, that he was incapable of being at all influenced by circumstances so singular and impressive as those which he had just undergone. The coincidence in the thrice selected

card (in which, probably, the more penetrating reader can discover nothing farther than the roguish dexterity of a cunning old beldam) if it did not appear to him as a really supernatural occurrence, at least made him think very deeply on the subject, and mingled itself with her explanation and prophecy, to which it imparted a strangely corroborative weight. We might appeal to the experience of many of our most philosophical and apathetic readers, to say, whether they have not often found trains of thought or feeling which they at first assumed in indifference or in jest, grow and fasten upon their attention, in a degree which was entirely the reverse of trifling or agreeable. In like manner fared our hero; the longer he dwelt on the Card-drawer and her prophecy, the more ill at ease he grew—until at length he wished, from the bottom of his heart, that he had never exchanged a word with her. He was astonished at the feverish state of mind which very speedily grew upon

him—"I don't believe a word of it," he said, remonstrating with himself—"and as to the old woman herself—of course she is an impostor; I should be worse than an idiot, to be at all influenced by any thing she could tell me—nor am I—but yet to draw that long-nosed knave o' clubs three times!—No matter! time will tell."

He sprang lightly over the stile, and, bundle in hand, speedily lost recollection of his morning adventure in the varieties of the scenes through which he passed, on his route towards his native village—and the home of his love. The country around him was level, boggy, and uncultivated, with but scanty exceptions; and the occasional companions of his journey were the blue-stockinged fish-jolters, from the neighbouring villages of Beltard and Quern (famous for the delicious turbot, which philanthropically incarcerate themselves in the fishing-nets, for the benefit of the gourmands of Clare and Limerick),

who beat on their rough-coated asses, as they staggered under the weight of their well furnished *cleaves* or panniers, and diversified the monotony of the sweet and wholesome sea air, with what Trinculo would call a "most ancient and fish-like smell." Now and then, too, a pig-jobber, distinguished by his weather-proof air, his ponderous frieze great coat, with standing collar, forming a strong wall of defence up to the very eyes—his wide waste of cape, and his one spur fastened upon the well-greased brogue, vouchsafed a "'Save you kindly," as he trotted by; and a carman, seated side-wise on the back of a horse, (whose bony ribs bespoke him innocent of the luxury of oats)—with his feet on the shaft, a cart-whip tied sashwise about his person from shoulder to hip, a dingy straw-hat flung "on three hairs" of his head, heavy woollen waistcoat, bundle-cloth shirt thrown open at the neck, and light streamers of gray riband fluttering rakishly at the knees of his corduroy small clothes,—

hospitably invited him to take a seat on the corner of his car, loaded as it was with full-bounds of butter, or bags of oats for the inland markets.

Duke was tempted to loiter so much on his way, that the sun was past its meridian height for some time before he entered the village of Carrigaholt, within little more than a mile of which Mr. Mc Loughlen, the father of his beloved Penny, resided. He had previously come to the determination of allowing himself one evening to recruit his spirits and recover his good looks, before he should present himself at the farm-house. Though he had but very little vanity himself, and had a reasonable share of confidence in the affections of his love, he had lived long enough among mankind, to know, that even our best and nearest friends are seldom so purely disinterested as not to acknowledge an involuntary and tacit subjection to the influence of appearances. Penny, he conjectured (and he did not think the

worse of her for the suspicion) would not like him the less in his smart new jacket and trowsers, with a light India silk handkerchief about his neck, and the wearying effects of long travel flung from him by a night's repose. The old gentleman, he was certain, would be much better pleased to see him in a respectable trim, and he was conscious moreover, though he did not make this one of his ostensible motives, that he would not be the less satisfied with himself for appearing *point device*.

The village, as he entered it, appeared almost deserted—the masters of the families not being yet returned from their daily toil on the river which flowed near them. The doors of the houses were, for the most part, shut fast and hasped, which circumstance, together with the stillness of the streets, in which he only heard the voices of some ragged children at play among the turf kishes, and the occasional inhospitable growling of some hairy cur (who was afraid to venture on a bark of open de-

fiance or hostility in the absence of its human protectors), gave something of a holiday air to the scene. Between the occasional breaks in the row of houses on one side, the broad and sheeted river presented itself to his eyes, its surface agreeably diversified by the dark and red-sailed fishing-boats, turf-boats, and large merchant vessels which floated on its bosom, and the shadow of a passing cloud on its green and sunny waters.

As he proceeded through the village in search of the house which Kinchela had indicated as a rendezvous, he observed the sign-boards of two rival public-houses, swinging at either corner of the street, at a spot where it was intersected by two cross roads, and which were distinguished by those whimsical devices and mottoes, used generally in Ireland for the purpose of exciting mirth in the hearts of the passengers—those adepts in the human character, the innkeepers, being made aware by long experience, that next to passionate

grief, nothing inclines a man more strongly to look for good liquor and good company, than a train of good humour once set fire to within his heart. One of those signs presented the appearance of a pewter drinking vessel imprisoned within the grating of a strong gaol, under which the following lines were written in a bold dashing hand :—

" Ye jovial fellows that pass along,
Behold me here, in prison strong,
For FOUR PENCE *I now here do lie,*
Release me quickly, or I shall DIE."

On the rival sign-board, the Muse of painting had delineated the effigy of a bee-hive, which had likewise its appropriate jingle contributed by her sister deity :—

" Within this hive
We're all alive ;
Good liquor makes us funny—
If you are dry
As you pass by,
Step in and taste our honey."

With the latter invitation our hero complied, leaving the liberation of the captive on

the other side to the next village Howard who might cast a humane eye in that direction, moved less, however, by the prospect of the promised honey within, than the expectation of meeting here his old acquaintance beforenamed.

He found the house unoccupied by any but the *publican* or landlord, who was seated, in a hay-bottomed chair, by the whitening embers of a turf fire, dandling one foot softly in the air, and luxuriating in the delights of a well-filled pipe, which he interrupted only at intervals, for the purpose of giving some directions to a slatternly girl, who was seated on her heels at one end of the room, scouring the pewter glories of the dresser, with a *wisp* of hay and wet sand. He received Dorgan with the respect and attention which are peculiarly the right of all naval and military sojourners at places of public entertainment, ushered him into the boarded parlour, and answered readily all the questions which he put respecting the

present condition of McLoughlen, whether he still lived with his daughter, in the same lonely house which they occupied a great many years before, and many other inquiries more interesting to him, in all probability, than they would be to the reader.

The landlord was at length summoned to attend a customer at the bar, and Duke was left to "discuss" (as the phrase is) his whiskey-and-water (or to give it the provincial term, his whiskey-punch) alone. Although Irishmen have long lain under the imputation of a fondness more intense than is consistent with the character of a well-deserver, for the excitement of strong liquor, I believe the affection which subsists, is rather that which we entertain for a pleasant acquaintance, whom we are happy to meet in mixed company, than that which we feel towards a friend with whom we can consume whole hours in solitary communion (if this expression may escape uncensured by English judgments). Dorgan in

particular, who was unprofessionally and unnationally abstemious, felt little pleasure in continuing, while he waited the arrival of his friend, to sip the diluted fire which stood before him. He looked around the room for something to amuse his thoughts, which were flowing too rapidly upon him, to suffer that he should remain still, until Pryce made good his appointment; and after turning over a number of old books of farming, tattered volumes of law, and rudimental works, a scrap-book fell into his hands, in which he found the following verses written (in all probability by way of practice in penmanship). Although the sentiment was expressed in language, perhaps, a little too fine for his sympathy, the analogy which it bore to what might have been his own fate, interested him sufficiently to make him read the stanzas through.

THE JOY OF HONOUR.

I.

The tears from these old eyelids crept,
When Dermod left his mother-land—
And I was one of those who wept
Upon his neck, and press'd his hand.
He did not grieve to leave us then,
He hop'd to see his home again—
With honours twin'd in his bright hair,
He *could* not hope to gather there.

II.

Year after year rolled fleetly on—
Lost in the grave of buried time—
And Dermod's name and praise had won
Their way into his parent-clime;
But all his youthful haunts were changed,
The wild wood perished where he ranged—
And all his friends died one by one,
Till the last of Dermod's name was gone.

III.

I sat, one eve, in Curra's glade,
And saw an old man tottering down,
Where the first veil of evening's shade
Had given the heath a deeper brown;
His cheek was pale—his long hair now
Fell, in white flakes, o'er his aged brow—
But the same young soul was in his eye,
And I knew the friend of my infancy.

IV.

He gazed upon the silent wood—
He passed his hand across his brow—
The hush of utter solitude
Slept on each stirless beechen bough—
"That lake with flowering islets strewed,
That skirts the lawn and breaks yon wood—
I knew in youth a valley green,
The seat of many a merry scene.

V.

"The youths that graced the village dance,
Beneath the turf they trod are sleeping—
The maidens, in whose gentle glance
Their spirits lived, are o'er them weeping—
Sorrow and blight, and age have come—
Where mirth once reigned—and youth—and bloom—
And the soft charms of Nature's prime
Are blasted with the breath of Time.

VI.

"And hath the joy that honour gives,
No power o'er memories like this?
Ah! witless is the man who lives
To soar at fame and spurn at bliss!
That hath been mine—*this* might have been,
Had I but held the humble mean—
And passed upon my parent soil,
A life of peace and quiet toil.

VII.

" And is it thus with *all* who gain
The phantom-glory of a name?
That ere it grace their brows, the pain
Of their long search hath quench'd the flame
That young ambition lit—and those
Whose praise they sought, are at repose—
And they stand in a world unknown—
Admired—revered—unloved—alone!

VIII.

" I want my early playmates back,
My friends long-lost—but ne'er forgot—
Are these old men who haunt my track,
My school-day friends?—I know them not!
Alas! I grieve and call in vain,
Their youth will never come again—
But it is sad my heart should feel
Its first affections youthful still."

" I declare, then," said Dorgan in soliloquy, as he mingled another " tumbler o' punch" (the first having insensibly disappeared, while he was poring studiously over the above composition), and looked musingly in the glass, only a *little* puzzled—" I declare, now, I can understand what the fellow means very well,

although he has put it into that crinkum-crankum, fine-spoken, gingerbread language; and I felt just the same thing myself since I came. This very landlord o' this public-house I knew at school—a wild, scatter-brained young fellow, that would box a round, or climb at a magpie's nest with any boy in the parish, and to see him now enter the room, knocking the ashes off his pipe with the tip of his little finger, hoping your honour is *convenient,* and talking of the duty on licenses and the distillery laws, as if he had never done any thing since he was born but *jug* whiskey-punch, and score double! It makes a man feel as if he were thinking of growing old, one time or another, himself. Going to 'lie beneath the turf I trod,' as this poet here says.—No matter!" he continued, indulging in a more liberal draught than he had yet ventured on, "this is the way of the world—*Sic transit gloria mundi;* here to-day and gone o' Sunday.—Hush! Is not that Kinchela?"

He interrupted himself, on hearing a voice in the kitchen outside. The speaker approached the door of the room where he sat, and entering without ceremony, shewed him that his conjecture was perfectly correct.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Dorgan," he said, making, what he considered a very courteous bow —"I'm afeer'd I *kep* you waiten, but I was obleeged to be at the Head all the mornen, gatheren the barnocks*—an I could'nt well afford to lose more than half a day to our meeten this turn."

Dorgan accepted his apology, and invited him to a corner of the board, and a share of the good things with which it was decorated. Pryce readily seated himself, but refused to drink, and when our hero pressed him hard, added vehemence to the negative.

"O come," said Duke, angrily, "I will say that you do not yet look on me as a friend if you refuse to join me in a glass. There's no

* A kind of shell-fish.

salt in the liquor—and you may be my foe to-morrow, if you like."

"Pho! pho! sooner than you'd be sayen any thing o' that kind, Duke," the other said, with some confusion of manner, "I'll drink the ocean dry wit you." And he filled a glass without further preamble.

After the usual commendations on the quality of the materials which went to the composition of their popular beverage, the young men talked freely of the changes which had taken place in the affairs of the neighbourhood, dwelling on the intermediate histories of all whose fortunes were of any interest to the sailor from their association with his early life, comparing their actual fates with what might have been anticipated from his knowledge of their character in boyhood—how one was married—another hanged—one killed at a hurling match—another transported for sheep-stealing—wondering at every circumstance in turn, and at length chopping round (to use the

professional phrase of one of the parties), upon the old and favourite theme of Mc Loughlen and his daughter.

On this subject, Dorgan, a little stimulated by the awakened recollection of the slights cast upon him by the old farmer—and not a little, perhaps, by the influence of the Irish whiskey to which he had become almost a stranger during his exile, allowed himself a liberty of speech, which he had afterward deep cause to regret. Pryce, after coinciding in the justice of his resentment, and even adding some observations calculated rather to aggravate than assuage it, suddenly changed his tone, and said in a gentle voice :—

" But although he did injure you surely, Duke, an' that greatly, I'd like I could prevail on you to forgive an' forget.—Bear an' forbear as we're commanded. He's an old man, an' you're a young one, an' it wont be long until the grave will draw a line between ye, that you may wish to pass, to make friends again, an'

won't be able. So don't harbour any bad designs again poor Mc Loughlen, I beg o' you."

"Oh, I'll make the purse-proud old rogue know at any rate, that——" he interrupted himself, on perceiving a dark shadow thrown on the table at which he was seated. On looking up, he perceived an elderly gentleman, dressed in black, with whip and spurs, and silver buckles at his knees, standing between him and the window. He addressed Dorgan with a manner of solemn and authoritative, although very mild and dignified reproof.

"I have been listening to you," said he, "for the last few minutes—"

"Have you?" interrupted Duke, "then you have made more free than welcome, I can tell you."

"Do not condemn me as an eaves-dropper," said the gentleman, calmly, "until you are certain that I deserve the name. I did not intend to overhear you—but if I had used so unwarrantable a means to serve you, young

man, you should respect your Maker, more than to insult his minister.

"I really ask your pardon," said Dorgan, rising—"I was not aware of your profession, father, or I would not have used these words."

"There was a fault on both sides," said the clergyman—"however, before I go (as I only stept in here, in the expectation of meeting a friend), I will venture to pursue the subject a little farther. I heard you speak in terms of strong resentment of one of my worthiest parishioners. There is not a man of his means and station in the country, who has done more good to the poor, and to all who needed his service, than that very man. He is a fond father—a religious observer of God's law—and a friend to all—even to you—(do not start, for I know you, sir), who were no friend of his. I have often heard him mention, with deep regret, the hard language he used towards you in his younger and more passionate days—and yet this is the man whom you denounce by an

epithet, which it does not become me to repeat, even for the purpose of reprehending it. I would recommend to you for your own sake, and that of all in whom you have an interest, to acquire the virtue of subduing those violent resentments. Remember that 'the patient is better than the strong man; and he that ruleth his mind than the overthrower of cities.'"

"Well," said Dorgan, "you will not think the worse of me, for speaking my mind freely at all events."

"Ay, young man, there would be a merit in that frankness if it implied a purpose of amendment, as well as a consciousness of error. But it is the misfortune of your countrymen and mine, to imagine that open-heartedness is a virtue, even when it only consists in making a boast of guilty propensities, which other men deem it prudent to conceal. I mentioned to you the merits of him, against whom you have been railing, for the purpose of shewing what a darkener of the mind and senses this private

resentment is—and how it can so change the eyes and heart, as to make one man see evil, where all others can discern nought but good. It is the indulgence of this dreadful and selfish propensity, that has made the gibbets of our country groan under the burthen of so many hundreds of her young, and high-spirited children. I warn you, to beware of harbouring resentment against your brother." And saying this, the clergyman left the room, followed by Kinchela, who pleaded some business with the publican.

Dorgan remained for some time after in an attitude of stupid abstraction and amazement, not altogether occasioned so much by the reproof which he had undergone, as by the strange coincidence between the clergyman's last words and the warning given by the Card-drawer on that very morning. "What!" he exclaimed at length, striking the table forcibly with his clenched fist, and speaking with much vehemence, "Are all the people mad, that

they warn me at every step I take to beware of murder and the gallows? Do I meditate bloodshed? Let me take my own heart to task. —Is it that of a midnight cut-throat? It surely is not. I have never spilled one red drop of living blood in my life, but that for which I ventured my own in the service of my country. I would not set my foot on that fly that is crawling there, if it were to purchase the three kingdoms. What then do the people mean? Is my forehead stampt, like Cain's, with the mark of blood? Is murderer in my face? If Nature has written the word there, she lied foully, for the heart of the young lamb is not more free from the thought or thirst of violence than mine."

A little relieved by the fervour with which he thus unburthened his spirits, Dorgan prepared for his night's rest in the inn, and was shewn by the landlord into a double-bedded room, after bidding good-night to Kinchela, who was to return to Loup Head early in the

morning. Notwithstanding all the efforts which his companion made to banish from his memory the recollection of the double warning he had received in the course of the day, the circumstance still hung upon his mind, and troubled his slumbers. The forms of a methodical execution—the blanketted finisher of the law —the fatal cart—the tree—chains—night-cap —and all the other awful *et cetera* of a death untimely and ignominious, floated with a horrible and oppressive influence upon his brain; and he awoke just in time to save his neck from the noose which was all but fastened on it.

It was dark midnight; and he felt his head almost riven with a cruel ache, the result in all probability of his unaccustomed libations, together with the fatigue he had undergone the preceding day and night. Wishing to bind it round with a silk handkerchief, he stretched his hand out to the chair on which he had laid his clothes, but to his great sur-

prise found that they had been removed. He rose and groped about the room for some time in the dark, but with no better success: he was, in fine, obliged to return to his bed and sleep off the illness as well as he could until morning.

Whatever his astonishment might have been at missing his clothes during the night, it certainly did not exceed that which he felt on opening his eyes next day and perceiving them exactly in the place where he had laid them the evening before. The royal father of Badroulboudour never rubbed his eyes so often or in such astonishment, at the disappearance of the enchanted palace of his son-in-law. Kinchela had already departed; and our hero, after discharging the duty of morning prayer with somewhat more than his usual fervency, and consuming a reasonable portion of the publican's groceries, paid his bill like a man of honour, and departed.

The calmness of the morning, the fresh look

of the green fields, the sweetness of the open air, and the sight of the hills and crags where the days of his childhood had passed so merrily—contributed to wean his mind from the gloomy reflections to which the occurrences of the preceding day had given rise. Every step that brought him nearer to the dwelling of his love, made his heart bound with a freer and happier movement within his bosom, until at length the exquisite poignancy of expectation became almost too eager and tumultuous for unmixed pleasure. He passed the old school-house in the glen, the chapel. the *inch* which was used for a play-ground, and at length, on arriving at the summit of a gentle eminence, beheld the farm-house (a neat little band-box, in which his love lay treasured like one of her own new bonnets) clustered in among a grove of Scotch firs, and presenting its cheerful white-washed front to the broad face of the Shannon, from which it was only separated by a green and sloping meadow.

It was rather early when Dorgan left the inn where he passed the night, so that he was a little surprised to see a considerable number of persons collected around the door. They passed rapidly in and out of the house, and a few hastened across the fields in the direction of the village, while others passed them after a hasty greeting, and seeming to convey the tidings of some important event. On a sudden, while Dorgan continued looking towards the open door, a woman rushed from it, hurried through the crowd, tore her cap from her head, and, while her long hair fell over her shoulders, began to clap her hands, and utter the most heart-piercing screams. A terrible sensation lodged itself upon the heart of young Dorgan as he heard this fatal song, which his memory enabled him to recognize as the death-wail of his country. He was about to spring from the low hedge on which he sat, and hasten to the house, when he was stopped by a woman who had been sitting on

the bank-side in the sunshine, arranging a small pack of rabbit-skins and goose-quills which she carried.

"Tee you! tee you!* sailor!" she exclaimed, "Tee you! Don't go a-near the house! Are you light?† They 're on the watch for you. Oh! you foolish cratur, why did'nt you do me bidden. I'd rather the cards to be out itself, this once, than to have such a clane, likely boy as what you are coom to any harm on the head of it."

"You infernal hag!" said Duke, turning fiercely upon her, "are *you* mad? Let go my dress! You are all mad together. What watch?—Who?—What do you mean?"

"You do well to be ignorant of it, to be sure. There was murder done in that house last night, and—"

"Hold!" said Dorgan, turning pale as death, and staggering forward, until he supported himself by grasping the extended arm

* To you! Beware! † Mad.

of the Card-drawer. The woman paused and looked amazedly on him, while his head drooped upon his breast; a dreadful sickness laboured at his heart, and his brain felt as though it reeled within his head. At length, raising his eyes heavily to heaven, while his words fell from him with so faint an emphasis that the utterance of each single syllable seemed to require all the exertion his nerves could muster, he said slowly and feebly, "Great Heaven! if now, after my long absence from my native land, after all the dangers through which the Almighty has preserved me, both by storm and battle,—if now, the first day of my coming home, the first day I was to meet my old friends, my first love, in health and happiness—if I am doomed to see her, after all our love, and our hopes, and our long parting, a bleeding corpse before me, I will strive to submit and bear the judgment; but do not blame me if my heart breaks under it—and if——Tell me," he continued, press-

ing the Card-drawer's arm, and panting with apprehension, while he dared not look in her face, "*Who* was murdered?"

"O thin, dear knows, Sir, ould Mc Loughlen was—an' I'd think that enough, an' not to go farther."

Again Dorgan paused, while his limbs shook with apprehension—"And—and—his daughter?"

"Oh, allilu! Penny is it?—Oh, indeed I wisht *himself* was as well as her, an' 'twould save her a sighth o' grief."

Dorgan covered his eyes with his hands, and leaned for some time, silent and motionless, with his back against the bank. At length, rising silently, with as much firmness as he could command, he began to move towards the house in silence,

"Don't you hear me, what I'm tellen you, child?" said the Card-drawer.

"What do you say—"

"They 're all on the look out for the mur-

derers, and examinen 'em all right an' left—gentle an' simple. Remember the knave o' clubs."

"Pooh—pooh!" Dorgan exclaimed, shaking his arm from her grasp, and hurrying toward the house.

"*Pooh*, is it?" said the indignant forestaller of the Destinies—"Shasthone *pooh!* Gondoutha wisha *pooh!* That's my thanks. May be 'twould be a new story wit you before you'd leave that roof, then; an' I'd be sorry it should, for all. Well then, I declare, now," she added, crossing her hands in more composed soliloquy—"one ought 'nt to be funnen on things o' that natur, at all—for see how what I did, be way of a punishment, to frighten him, is comen very near the truth after all!—I declare, its a droll thing to think of—Easy! Is 'nt that the priest I see comen over the road? O murther alive! I'll be kilt if he sees me, after he warnen me out o' the parish last Advent." She huddled her pack hastily up,

and ran along under cover of the hedge, in a different direction from that by which his reverence, the same gentleman, under whose censure Dorgan had lain at the inn the night before, was approaching the farm.

A dreary scene awaited our young hero in the interior of the house. He passed in without attracting any notice from the crowds of persons who were too busy, in hearing or telling the circumstances of the fearful occurrence which had taken place, to suffer their attention to be divided by the appearance of a stranger. In the centre of the neatly furnished kitchen, was a long deal table, on which was laid the corpse, with the clothes in which he had been found—and all the awful appearances of the violent fate which he had undergone.—The gray hairs, matted and stiff—and the wrinkled features distorted with the still surviving expression of horror, and frightfully dabbled in blood, remained still untouched, unchanged—an indication that the coroner's

inquiry was not yet concluded. It was, in fact, at this moment, proceeding in an interior room. In the capacious chimney corner were seated a number of old women, who declared, as they socially passed the single pipe from one to another, that the old man would make a good corpse, when the blood was washed off and the hair combed sleek upon the brow. An old man, in another corner, was entertaining a number of wondering auditors, with an account of a murder far more horrible than the present, which had occurred within his own memory; and farther on, were seated a circle of females, preparing, by low modulations of the death-cry, to shine in the rivalry of the evening wail. Two or three of the sincere friends of the dead man, standing near his body, perused in heavy silence, and with grief-struck features, that face which even an enemy could not contemplate, disfigured and dragged as it was in the parting agony, without an emotion of pity and forgive-

ness—if not remorse. One of these men was Duke Dorgan.

He learned, from the conversation of those who stood around him, that a party had entered the house on the previous evening, in pursuance, as it was said, of a threat which had been conveyed to poor Mc Loughlen a short time before, warning him not to bid for a certain farm in the neigbourhood, the former tenant of which had been ejected for non-payment of rent.—Mc Loughlen had disregarded this menace, and in some measure brought on himself the consequences which had been laid before him. His daughter, and a little girl, his niece, were the only persons in the house at the time—and the latter alone, an intelligent child, about seven or eight years of age, was enabled to see the whole procedure, from a loft on which she usually slept. Dorgan entered the room where the Coroner's inquest was held, just as that gentleman was beginning to take down the deposition of the infant witness.

"Well, my little darling," said the Coroner, "tell your story now, like a good girl. Don't be afraid of these gentlemen; we are all your friends, and we'll take care that nobody shall do you any harm."

"I will, Ser," said the little girl—"this was the way of it. Uncle was sitten there abroad a-near the kitchen fire, on the sugan chair, an' Penny was readen a chapter out o' the Bible to him, an' Tom Dooly, our boy, was out looken at the bounds, to see would any o' the Keys's cows be trespassen, an' meself was just out o' my first sleep above upon the loft, over right the fire-place, whin I heard a tundheren rap coom to the back doore."

"Very well, my girl, very good child," the Coroner said, while he continued making his memoranda—"Well? you heard a knock?"

"I did, Ser. Penny dropt the book in a fright, an coom an' thrun her arms about uncle's neck. 'O murther, father! what's that

I wonder?' says Penny—'It's the Boys,* I fear,' says he, 'Heaven preserve my child!' says he. So he put Penny into the corner, an' then the party broke the doore (I heerd it crashen) an' coom in, an' began *croosten*† Uncle with stones, while he kep 'em off wit the chair. At last, they pull't the chair from him, an' bid him go on his knees to be shot. 'O boys,' says he, 'don't take my life, an' I'll give up the farm.' 'It's too late now,' says one of 'em —'why did'nt you take the warnen whin it was given you?' With that he was going to strike him with a piece of a *sye*‡ he had in his hand, whin Penny ran screechen out o' the corner, an tuk him by the coat to pull him away from Uncle, but he threw her back again' the wall, an' then he began cutten Uncle on the head with the *sye*, till he fell back on the floore, groanen. 'You done enough now,' says one of the party that was with him, 'he

* The familiar name for Insurgents.

† *Pelting* at him. ‡ Scythe.

never'll see day-light agen—he has'nt a kick in him.' 'I owed that much to him a long while then,' says the man, as they were goen out the doore. Uncle was stretched a'most the first blow he gave him, *an' very justly*, for it was a great stroke surely."

Here, the girl began to cry and tremble, as if labouring under great anxiety. "I'll be kilt now, entirely," she said, "for there's one o' the men that murther'd Uncle liss'nen to me."

A general exclamation of astonishment and alarm broke from the circle at this naïve declaration. The doors were closed by the Coroner's desire, and the girl was asked to point out the person whom she recognized.

"I'd be afeerd he'd kill me," she said, weeping.

"Do not fear it," said the Coroner, taking her into his lap, and patting her head—"we are too strong, and too many for him. Where is he, pet?"

"There he is, standen a-nigh the table, in the sailor's clothes."

She pointed to Dorgan, who felt, while her small finger was tremblingly directed towards him, as if he were surrounded by the phantoms of a hideous dream. He could scarcely believe that the fate with which he had been so singularly threatened, was in reality to be fulfilled; and he could do nothing more than gape and stare around him, until the rough hands of two of the men present, grasping his collar, and dragging him before the Coroner's chair, convinced him that the scene and the event were directly the reverse of ideal.

"This is a serious charge that is brought against you, young man," said the Coroner—"What is your name?"

"Dorgan," was the reply; "I have served in his Majesty's navy, and have only arrived in Ireland, the day before yesterday."

A murmuring of recognition passed among the people who crowded the room, and one of

them whispered to the Coroner, who nodded, as if in token of assent.

"You knew the deceased?" he said, again addressing Dorgan.

"I did, many years since."

"You owed him a spite, I believe?"

"I owe no man a *spite*. That is a coward's passion. He refused me the hand of his daughter, when I was very young, and I confess my resentment against him was strong—but I came home now with an altered spirit, anxious to see and to be reconciled to him."

"Those were not, justice compels me to declare," said a voice behind Dorgan, "the sentiments which I heard you express towards him yesterday evening. In the parlour of the Bee-hive, I heard this very young sailor speak in terms of the vilest reproach against my poor murdered friend, Mc Loughlen."

Dorgan looked over his shoulder, and beheld the clergyman with whom he had been speaking; "I cannot, nor am I anxious to deny

that I did use such expressions," said he, a little confused, in spite of his consciousness of right, at the corroborative force which this unfortunate circumstance was likely to give to the mistaken testimony of the child—"but I spoke then under unusual irritation. I had been indulging a little too freely in the strong liquor that was placed before me, and might have said, perhaps, more than I ought."

"Ay, and *done* more than you ought, sir, perhaps from the same cause. Doctor Mahony's evidence is important, however," the Coroner continued, writing.

"It would be," said Dorgan, with a sudden confidence brightening in his manner, "but that I have one witness who will decide the question of my innocence at once. There stands the landlord of the inn; he knows that I passed the night under his roof."

"I declare, gentleman sailor," said the landlord, affecting the euphony of the greater

number of his class—"I'd prefer you did'nt appale to my evijunce—I don't know who may be the perpetraathur of this horrid fact—but if I must give my judgment in the case, I must say that as I *slep* in a room, the commerade o' that you hired, I heard you rise in the obscurity o' the night an' walk most surprising about the room, an' my wife testified to me that she had audience o' the doore outside openen and shutten a while before. It was a contraary thing for you to direct your application to me, for I profess without maning to be litigious or factious, I have nothen commendable to vouchsafe in your favour." And so saying, with the air of a Dogberry, the eloquent host retired from the gaze of the crowd into his former place, satisfied that he had impressed the company with the highest respect for the perspicuity and elegance of phraseology which he displayed.

There was no other witness to his *alibi*, who might not have been imposed upon by the

same appearances, and Dorgan felt as if a net were weaving around him, from which he should in vain seek to disentangle himself.

"All those circumstances become more important as they corroborate each other," said the Coroner. "I am afraid, young sir, that it will task your ingenuity hard to bear you safely through them all."

Dorgan paused for a moment, and pressed his hand on his brow in deep agitation. At last, starting from his reverie with a sudden and passionate vehemence—"Let Miss Mc Loughlen be called," he exclaimed—"She saw the murderer, she is your first witness. Let her come quickly, or my life will be drivelled away by fools and children."

"You would do well, sir," said the Coroner, after requesting the clergyman to go for the unhappy girl, "to measure your language by the circumstances in which you are placed. The ground on which you stand does not appear to be the firmest possible."

"Peace, and be silent!" cried Dorgan, fiercely and loudly. "The ground on which I stand, is the ground of my own innocence, and that I will maintain after my own fashion."

"I hope you will prove it tenable," said the Coroner.

"If it be undermined by others, in malice, or in wanton negligence," said our hero, "may the ruin fall on the heads of the contrivers!"

"Amen!" was the reply.

The throng at the door-way here separated, and Dorgan's attention was rivetted by an object of new and engrossing interest. The priest entered, supporting on his arm the slight and drooping figure of a young woman of an excelling beauty both of face and person, although the effect of the terrible shock which she had undergone, considerably abated the fresh and healthy bloom that was the legitimate property of the former. She was dressed in a plain dark cotton gown, with a blue silk riband tied simply around her well-formed head, while

her light and polished curls shaded her pale features, and her deep blue eyes were fixed on the ground with a strong effort at the calmness of resignation, as the clergyman whispered some words of encouragement and comfort in her ear. A dead silence took place as soon as she made her appearance, which continued until she had been conducted to a chair near the centre of the room.

Dorgan, after pausing for some time, in order to muster all his strength of mind, walked towards his love, and taking her hand, while she seemed scarcely conscious of the action, in his, said gently, "It is a sad meeting that has been reserved for us, Pennie; but do you not know me?"

The poor girl had not from the time of the murder up to the present moment, indulged in any of those salutary bursts of grief, in which the loaded heart finds safety from breaking when it is oppressed with sorrow too mighty for its narrow limits to contain. The more

violent, therefore, was the rush of passion, when a channel was at length afforded, by which the long pent-up and accumulating agony was enabled to discharge itself. When she recognized her lover, uttering a shrill and piercing shriek, which darted like an electric shock through the nerves of the hearers, she flung herself upon his neck, and hung in a convulsion of mingled tears and sobs around him. Dorgan supported and endeavoured to sooth her, while his own tears flowed in abundance, and the eyes of many of the company shewed that their hearts were not proof against the suddenness of the appeal made to them.

"Oh, Dorgan, my own true friend, are you come indeed?" she exclaimed, gazing in his face, as if to be assured that she was not giving to a stranger the caresses that were *his* right—"Oh, Dorgan, I hoped that I should have the happiness to see you both friends once more—for he often and often spoke of you, and longed for your return, to tell you that his

heart was changed—but you have come to see a greater change than that. Cold enough his heart is now, Dorgan, towards you and all. He will not press your hand if you take it now. Oh, do not blame me, father," she exclaimed, as she caught the clergyman's eye fixed on her with an expression of reproof, "I am wrong—I know I am—but my heart will break if I do not give it words."

"My own love, take comfort," said Dorgan, pressing her hand and speaking low to her—"You have lost a kind and good parent—but you are not yet an orphan, I will be father, and friend, and brother to you, while I live. Try, and be composed like a sweet girl."

Few exhortations are attended with more influence, than those which proceed from the lips of those we love. The interests of two hearts, united like those of our hero and his mistress, are so closely blended, so perfect and harmonious an understanding exists between them, that an admonition, addressed

from one to the other, is received with as ready a deference as a suggestion of its own will. The effect, which all the remonstrances of her graver and more venerable friends failed to produce, was brought to pass in an instant, by the few words which Dorgan addressed to her; and Pennie prepared herself to give her evidence in some composure, while Dorgan, once more leaving her side, resumed his place near the table.

Pennie detailed the circumstances of the murder in nearly the same words as her little cousin, until she came to that part of the transaction at which she was said to have flung herself between her father and the assassin.

"You must have had an opportunity then," said the Coroner, of observing him very closely. "Will you have the goodness to look round the room, and see whether you can recognize him among those people?"

"I do not think I could know his face

again," she said: "It was blackened at the time."

"How was he dressed?" inquired his Worship.

"I think in a sailor's dress—like Dorgan's," she said carelessly.

"You do not think it was *I* then?" said Dorgan, smiling.

"You!" replied the girl, pausing as if to comprehend his question, "I should sooner say that it was his own act—or as soon."

"If we have wronged you by an unworthy suspicion," said the Coroner to Dorgan, "you must blame the circumstances and not us—for they are more than sufficient to warrant us in looking well to the case. Are you quite certain, Miss Mc Loughlen, that this was not the man whom you withheld from the deceased?"

"Certain, that Dorgan did not murder my father! Am I certain of my existence? I would stake a thousand lives if I had them,

that Dorgan would not have stirred one of the gray hairs upon his head, in enmity, if it were to make him master of the universe."

"My own sterling girl!" exclaimed Dorgan, delighted far more by her ready confidence, than by the safety which it procured for him—"when all are turned against me, I have, at least, one friend in you—for you only of all the world have ever known my heart."

"The coincidence is still very strange," said the Coroner—"pray, Miss Mc Loughlen, was there no mark—no peculiarity of appearance about this sailor, by which you might recognize him again if you should meet him?"

"My memory had nearly deserted me;" replied the young woman: "When he flung me from him, I grasped something which was hanging to his coat, and brought it away with me in the struggle. It is this," she added, handing to the Coroner a piece of silver with a blue riband attached to it.

"This, indeed, is a most providential and

important circumstance," said the latter, "and will do more to further the ends of justice, perhaps, than many living evidences."

The condemned wretch, who, after having his ears greeted with the gladdening tidings of a reprieve, is informed that the news were communicated under a mistake, and that he must still tread the road to the fatal tree, may imagine what Dorgan felt, when on swiftly lifting his hand to the breast of his coat, he found that his Trafalgar medal was missing—and that, in fact, the piece of silver which the Coroner held was no other than it. He paused for some time, in utter ignorance and anxiety as to what his best mode of procedure would be on the occasion. He saw, in one rapid glance, all the fearful consequences of asserting his claim to the medal, but he felt that any thing like an attempt at concealment, would (even though it might afford him time to secure his life against the effects of an erroneous suspicion), at least, have the consequence of

branding his name with ignominy for ever in his native land, and Dorgan preferred his chance of hanging to that.

"I am sensible," said he to the Coroner in a low voice, "of all the injury which I may do myself by the avowal I am about to make—but I trust that all possibilities may be taken into account. How that medal can have come into Miss Mc Loughlen's possession, I have not the remotest idea—but it is mine—the badge of distinction which all received who did their duty on the waves of Trafalgar."

"I really hope," said the Coroner, after the murmur of astonishment and strong interest occasioned by this admission had subsided—"I hope you are mistaken. This affords too frightful a confirmation of the circumstances already recorded against you."

"In that," replied Dorgan, "I am unfortunate, as many a brave fellow was before me. The medal is mine, however.—I won it in honour, and I will not disown it like a coward."

"I am sorry for you," said the Coroner. "Keeper!" he beckoned to the person who held that office in the neighbouring bridewell —"Hand-cuff your prisoner."

"Prisoner!" exclaimed Pennie, turning pale as death, and rushing between Dorgan and the bridewell-keeper—"What prisoner? Why would you hand-cuff Dorgan, our best friend?"

"You would alter that opinion, Miss Mc Loughlen," continued his Worship, "if you knew that this young man was heard last night to utter the most violent language against your father—that he was heard to inquire respecting the number of people living in his house—that he was heard to leave his bed during the night, in the house where he slept, to which he returned before morning—and that now, to crown and to confirm all, he avows this medal, which you tore from the murderer's dress, to be his own."

"An' if he could'nt swear to it, *I* could," exclaimed the inn-keeper, "for I saw it wit

my own eyes danglen at his breast as he was going to bed."

"It is all a dream, a wild, improbable, impossible story," exclaimed the girl with passion: "Deny it, Dorgan, and tell them they belie you."

"The circumstances which they have told you, my dear Pennie," said Dorgan, while she hung on his words as if to gather from their meaning the tidings of life or death, "are all true. I did make those inquiries,—I did speak in foolish anger against our murdered friend,—and that medal is indeed mine; but yet, Pennie—Pennie!" he reiterated as he felt the bewildered girl recoiling with an expression of vague and uncertain horror from his grasp, "I am innocent of this."

"It cannot be," said Pennie; "both cannot be. Say—oh, Dorgan, say once again that this is not your medal. My brain will burst if you do not say it."

"I love your happiness well, my poor girl,"

said Dorgan, looking on her with much greater pity than he felt for his own fate, "and I love my own life and character also; but I love truth better, and the truth I have told you all. Will you forsake me now, and leave me here all alone?" he added mournfully, as she struggled to free herself from him.

"Don't hold my hands, Dorgan! Drag—pluck me from him," she continued, beckoning rapidly to the clergyman, and speaking in low, thick, and terrified accents—"Great Heaven! how fast I feel my heart changing towards him! Let go my hand!"

"I will not, till you say you fling me off!—Look in my face, Pennie, and then call me your father's murderer if you can. I will not be told hereafter that you cursed my memory and reviled my name. I will hear you do so now before you stir! Am *I* your father's murderer?"

"Oh, Dorgan!" the girl exclaimed in a

tone of cruel and piercing anguish, "what a question you ask? You! *you* his murderer! Was the hand that pressed mine so tenderly to-day the same that sent the cold steel into his brain? Were those arms that supported me so often like a mother's, the same that flung me last night against the hard floor? It is impossible! I was praying, night and morning, for many years, for your safe return, and would the Almighty, the kind and merciful Father of all, send you home at last only to wet our floor with my old father's blood? His ways are awful and inscrutable, but it is not often that he tries his children so deeply. And still, Dorgan, there is the medal that the murderer wore, and you say 'tis yours, and you can do no more than say you are innocent. Don't blame me, Dorgan, if I wrong you! I love you, but I would be viler than the dust under your feet if I did not wish to see justice done to my dead father.—What am I to think or to do? My soul within

me, that loves you, says that you are innocent, and my senses tell me you are guilty; and the end will be, I think, that between both tales my heart will be broken at last."

She fell back, with a burst of wild grief as she spoke these words, into the arms of a female friend, who, at the desire of the Coroner, hurried her, in a state of insensibility, through the crowd, and into the next apartment.

Dorgan continued to gaze after her with an expression of mingled admiration, pity, and agony blended in his look, until her form was completely concealed from him by the closing of the press after her.

"If you have any explanation to offer respecting those circumstances which seem to implicate you so strongly, young man," said the Coroner, "we are willing to hear you now."

Dorgan started at the summons, as if all the indignant energy which he was capable of assuming, had been silently gathering within

his breast during the last hour, and were now for the first time suddenly enkindled at a moment. "Have I *any* thing to say?" he exclaimed; "If your souls were not blinded, would not the case itself make it unnecessary for me to degrade myself even to a denial of such a charge. I ask you, gentlemen!" he continued, standing erect and flinging his arms wide as he looked round upon the company with that glowing eloquence of eye, and cheek, and action, which the great instructress Nature can in an instant infuse on an occasion of great excitement and emergency into the constitutions of those to whom the science itself has ever remained a mystery; "I ask you, is it likely that on the first night of my arrival in my native land, after a long and profitable absence, with every thing that was wanted to secure me happiness and honour for the remainder of my life, and with the love of such a creature as that to reward me for all my sufferings and slights, and with

the knowledge too that her father repented of his hard conduct towards me, and longed to call me his friend again—I ask you, is it likely that I would, so causelessly, dip my hands in the blood of that old man, to blast all my own hopes and prospects for ever? Is it possible? I am a British sailor—is that the character of a ruffian or a traitor? That medal which you hold was given me as a reward for discharging my duty well and faithfully—is it likely I would stain it with the blood of a secret murder? I trod the decks of the Victory for seven years, a deck that was never pressed by the foot of a coward.—I laid my hand on the white hairs of my commander Nelson, when he lay bleeding on the bed of glory—is it likely I should hack and hew the hoary head of a defenceless fellow-creature? I stood by his side at Trafalgar, and never shrunk in the daylight from an enemy's broadside—is it likely that I would stab an old man in the dark?"

The indignant fire and conscious energy of

manner with which Dorgan spoke his defence, produced for some moments a pause of respectful silence, if not of admiration; and he was suffered for some time to retain undisputed possession of the superiority to which he had thus swiftly lifted himself above the minds of his common auditors.

"If words could outweigh facts," the Coroner at length said, "it would, I believe, become our duty to liberate you at once, but these yet remain unchanged by any thing you have advanced."

"What can you do but reason on them?" said Dorgan: "If you cannot understand the arguments of honour, listen to those of prudence. Do you think it probable that the murderer of Mc Loughlen would come as I have done to brave investigation so openly? Do you think he would have avowed that medal, which he might have disowned, at least until he could have placed his life beyond the power of the laws?"

"I know not," said the Coroner, "by what illusions he might be cheated, or how far he might be tempted to trust his own ingenuity. It might be that the Almighty often, for justice' sake, bereaves the minds of guilty men of that common sagacity with which he has gifted most of his creatures for their preservation, and betrayed them into measures of foolhardy confidence, in which a child might better them. Such instances are of frequent occurrence, and if yours be one of them, all that you have been urging tends only to shew that you have dreadfully misappropriated qualities which, properly directed, would have served your country and your fellow-creatures."

"They were never spared in the service of either," said Dorgan, "and little did I think that this should be my reward."

He was then removed, while the Coroner and the Jury performed their several offices—the former of stating the case—and the latter of

considering it. In less than a quarter of an hour after, Dorgan was again called.

"It will be necessary for you," said the Coroner, "to use every exertion in your power to prove your innocence (if you still persist in asserting it), and to collect all the evidence that is possible, for you are implicated in the verdict of the jury. It is, wilful murder against Duke Dorgan, and some persons unknown."

A deep silence ensued, during which all eyes were bent on the unfortunate sailor. At the first announcement of the verdict he turned deadly pale, his eye became watery, the lid trembled, and a momentary shivering seemed to pass through all his frame. But the instant after, he had resumed his self-command, and drawing himself up to his full height, replied, calmly,

"I have been considering this occurrence more deeply since I withdrew, and am sorry now for the language which I was tempted, in the first anger of my heart, to use; not that it af-

fended the truth, but that it argued a very stubborn will towards the ordinance of Heaven. I should have recollected that you are not to blame for your error in this. If it were not His will, and did not further some wise and useful, though hidden design of His, you could not lay a violent finger upon a hair of my head. My innocence is not the less white in his eyes for being wrongfully attainted in those of men. I have a strong confidence in his mercy, that the real murderer will yet be discovered, and that I shall never die for this deed :—but if that confidence should fail me, I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that we shall all, in the end, be judged together before a bar where no injustice can be committed. May all who hear me, obtain a fairer hearing at that bar, than I have met with at yours !"

The house was soon after cleared of all but the unhappy family of the deceased and their friends. Many of the spectators, as they took their way over the fields, were heard to express

their regret at such a misfortune happening to "such a bright boy" as our hero, while others shook their heads and declared (on the authority in many instances of severe personal experience) that "Duke had ever an always too good a warrant for a hard blow," and that the destiny which seemed now to hang over his head, was no other than had been often prophesied for him, "many a long year before."

Poor Duke in the mean time was conducted, heavily ironed, to the neighbouring Bridewell, as a place of temporary confinement, until an opportunity should arrive of transmitting him to the county gaol. Here, when the key (the rusty grating of which in the lock spoke pretty well for the morality of the district) had locked him in to the company of his own lonely thoughts, he could not help exclaiming, as he extended his manacled hands, in the language which Southerne has put into the mouth of the unhappy Biron, and which we have prefixed as

an appropriate motto to his history: "Is this my welcome home?"

The friends of the deceased, in the mean time, were busied in administering the consolations which their humble, though sincere understandings suggested, to his wretched daughter. She was seated on the side of the dimity-curtained camp-bed in her own apartment, while the clergyman, whose influence alone appeared capable of restraining her, still occupied a chair at her side; and several of her male and female friends were placed in different parts of the room, offering now and then those venerable and hereditary expressions of consolation which are usually put forward on such occasions, and which at least have one merit, that of their perfect and unquestionable veracity—such as, "that Pennie might as well howl her whisht,* for if she was to cry her eyes out, 'twould'nt make him alive again," and various other undeniable facts of that nature,

* Hold her peace.

while the clergyman with a truer insight into human nature, directed her attention to that beautiful passage of Ecclesiasticus in which we are told to "weep but a little for the dead, for he is at rest!"

"It is not all for the dead, father—heaven forgive me!—that I grieve," said the poor girl —"The Almighty made a short word with my father—but his mercy is swifter than the murderer's knife—and I trust in that, hoping that he is one of those who are at rest. But I have still a trouble in my heart, for the living. I wish, if it was heaven's will, that I were waked beside my father, before I had lived to doubt Dorgan for so revengeful a heart. You, you, Kinchela!" she continued, as Pryce entered the room with a face of deep sorrow and commiseration—"you were not so hard!—On my knees, here, I ask your pardon (don't hinder me, father!) for all that I ever said or did against you for your over-great mildness. You pardoned the old man, and made him no

answer in his anger. *You* would not shed his blood in return for a hot word. The Lord that sees into the secrets of all men, will remember it for you another day!"

"Stand up!" Kinchela exclaimed, turning pale with agitation, while he lifted her hastily from the earth, and then hurried from her side: "Why should you be kneelen to me, Pennie, darlen? I don't deserve them words."

"You wrong yourself," said the clergyman, who remembered Kinchela's remonstrance to Dorgan, which he had accidentally overheard on the previous evening: "I heard you utter sentiments yesterday, which would have done honour to many a cultivated mind. It would be well for the young man who is now lying in chains for this murder, if he had profited by your example and advice. But," he continued, heedless of the real distress which his praise (the result of a very natural feeling of admiration) appeared to occasion to the object of it—"let

not this move you to pride, for from it all perdition had its beginning.—If you stand now, take heed lest you fall. You, perhaps, were among those who witnessed Dorgan's confidence, before the fatal train of circumstances was made out against him. Let that example place you on your guard; remember when you may be tempted to any offence, that there is no hiding-place on earth for the guilty, when the Almighty chooses to mark them out with his finger; and that, as sure as the rising of the sun that hides him at night in the west, so sure is the uncloaking of the deeds of the evil-worker, though he enclose himself within four walls, and asks 'what eye can see him?' while he sins under the veil of a denser than Egyptian darkness."

The words of the clergyman appeared to exercise a strong influence on the mind of the person whom he addressed; so much so, that his colour went and came several times while he listened. When the reverend gentleman

had concluded, Kinchela took a hasty farewell of the company, on the plea of being obliged to prepare for a seal-hunt in the caverns near the Head, on the following morning. He left the inmates of the dwelling to make the necessary arrangements for the evening wake of the old man, while he hastened under the already advancing shades of night, to his own humble dwelling near the coast.

He hurried over the interjacent hills, with a speed which was in part occasioned by his anxiety to reach the coast in time to make the necessary arrangements for the seal hunt, and, in a great measure also, by his fear of encountering a straggler from the host of evil spirits, whose hour of dominion on the earth was fast approaching. He raised with an unsteady hand the latch of the *hurdle* door of his cabin, and was received by the only member of his family whom he had ever known, and whom he really loved with an affection greater and more permanent than any which he had

ever felt towards a human being—his aged and infirm mother.

There are, perhaps, none of the social connexions of human life more touching, more interesting, and more perfectly free from the alloy of selfish motive, than those which bind the hearts of mother and son, or of father and daughter. The purer qualities that mingle in all other affections—the respect of youth for age—and the tenderness of age for youth—the protecting and depending love that binds the sexes—the warmth and softness of conjugal affection, without any of its changes or suspicions—the finer essences, in short, of all the various impulses by which the spirits of human beings are led to mingle and flow together in a league of mutual confidence and support, are here sublimed and united in their fullest strength and purity. Neither are such instances of generous love less interesting, when they are found to exist in classes where there is little of external refinement to grace

and adorn them. The gold of Nature is of the same sterling quality in its bed of rough ore, as when it glitters on the breast of beauty or of royalty—it is only the figure that is altered. If the frame-work of the human character were not composed of the same materials through all classes, what hope could we have that the rich, the elegant, and the high-born, would honour with their sympathy the pictures of humble sorrow and affection, which these Tales are intended to present?—Less—even less, than we venture to entertain while we are employed in sketching them.

The affection of Kinchela for his aged mother, was one of the features in his character, which had procured him a considerable portion of regard in the neighbourhood; such filial affection being looked on with a peculiar esteem in Ireland—a country where (to use a familiar expression of its own peasantry), "a man's child is always his child," for the interests of a family are seldom divided, even

by marriage. The old widow was pious and honest—and though Price did not possess either of those qualities in any brilliant degree himself, he respected them in his parent, and was careful to preserve from her knowledge any part of his conduct by which they might be offended. Without feeling in his own heart any extraordinary respect for the precepts of his Church, he was frequently known to smuggle a keg of tobacco or Hollands, in order to enable his mother to pay her Christmas or Easter dues—and would have stolen a sheep for the suet, rather than she should suffer any conscientious qualms about the want of the usual present of candles for the altar, never daring to supply her with either, until he taxed his ingenuity to furnish a perfectly satisfactory story, which would set all her doubts or scruples at rest.

The good woman was now seated by their fire of turf and pieces of wreck, engaged in keeping warm the simple fare which was

intended for her son's dinner. A small deal table was placed near the hearth, and close to it a rush-bottomed chair ready set for his use. Over a few red coals which were broken small, the iron tongs, placed lengthwise, and opened a little, was made to perform the part of a gridiron towards a beautiful Beltard turbot, which a gourmand would have judged worthy of a prouder table, and a more elaborate process of cookery.

"A hundred thousand welcomes, child of my heart," said the old woman, speaking in her native language; "I thought the very darkness would not bring you home to me. Sit down."

Kinchela took his seat at the table in silence, while his mother placed before him the food which she had prepared. She perceived, however, that he did not eat with his usual dispatch and satisfaction.

"There is some secret hanging on your mind, my fair heart," said she, "you do not

eat. You did not sleep at home these two nights—and when you came in this morning, you looked paler than paper, and trembled like a straw upon the water."

"I did'nt sleep abroad either," replied Kinchela, "an' sure what else would I be only pale after that, an' I being getten the canoes ready all night, let alone what I heerd this mornen, moreover."

"What was that, darling?"

"Old Mc Loughlen to be murthered last night in his own house, over."

The old woman uttered an exclamation of horror—"Woe and sorrow!" she exclaimed, "when will they be weary of drawing the blood of the gray-headed? Your own father, Price, died by the cold steel. It is true for the priest what he said from the altar last Sunday, that Ireland was more cursed by the passions of her own children, than ever she was by Dane or Sassenagh. The judgment of the Jews will fall on us at last. We are

hunted through our country and from our country in punishment of our sins. We have drunk of the dregs of the cup of trembling, and have well nigh wrung them out."

"They say, Dorgan—Duke Dorgan, that lived near the sally-coop, eastwards, did the deed. I saw 'em taken of him to Bridewell, on the head of it."

"There! there, Pryce!" said his mother. "Remember my words when you were refused by him, and when you swore to me that you would never forgive him the longest day you'd live."

"I did not swear it!" said Kinchela, starting, as if in alarm.

"You did—and sorry enough you were for it afterward. You might have been in Dorgan's place, if it were not for the mercy of Heaven."

"Let us have no more talk about it now, whatever," said Pryce; "I'll want to take a little rest before goen to the sale-hunt; an' I

must have the canoe near the caverns before day-break. Do you get the wattles an' the charcoal ready, mother, an' lay 'em there, a-nigh the settle-bed, agen I get up."

Pryce retired to his bed-room, but seemed to be haunted even in the darkness and solitude of this retreat by a certain uneasy train of feeling which appeared to have been clinging to him throughout the day. He had truly stated to his mother that he passed the former night without sleep; but this circumstance, instead of making him sink the more easily into slumber, had only the effect of weakening his nerves, and filling his brain with all the frantic images of sleep, without any of its calmness or comfort. His mother, disturbed by the restless moans which proceeded from his chamber, laid down the bag of charcoal which she was preparing, and taking a rush-light, made fast in the fissure of a twig, in her hand, entered the room. Her son was at that moment labouring under a hideous dream. His

head hung down over the bed-side, his arms were extended, his forehead and hair damp with sweat. He saw, in fancy, the corpse of the old man as it lay stretched on the table at Mc Loughlen's, and seemed to be oppressed with the conviction that some person had seized and was taxing him with the deed.

"Let go my throat!" he muttered hoarsely. "It was not I—'Twas Dorgan—Dorgan did it, and not I!—He lies—the old man never named me—he could not—for my face was blackened. Let go my throat!"

"The Almighty protect and bless my son!" said the woman, as she stirred him, and made him spring up terrified in his bed, "what words are these?"

Kinchela remained for some time sitting erect, his eyes wild and staring, and his mouth agape with terror. Consciousness at length stole upon him, and covering his face with his hands, he leaned forward for some moments in silence.

"What was the matter, child?" the old woman at length asked, as she laid her hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"Nothen!—nothen—only dreamen greatly I was—Aren't you gone to bed yet, mother?"

"No, darling; 'tisn't far in the night. Those were dreadful words you spoke, Pryce?"

"Did I talk out o' my sleep?"

"You did; you spoke as if somebody was charging you with a great crime, and you denied it, and bid them to let go your throat."

Pryce paused a moment. "Well, mother," said he at length, "I didn't think it would be so aisy to take a start out o' you. Sure 'twas funnen I was all that while."

"There was little mirth then in your voice or in your actions," replied his mother, still speaking (as she always used) in her vernacular tongue, "I thought the hag of the night had been throttling you."

"I tell you 'twas a joke, agen. Sure I *felt* you comen into the room. I was as broad

awake as you are now. Go to bed, mother, an' hear to me! Don't say anythen o' this in the mornen, for 'twouldn't look well to be joken on such a business."

The aged widow left the room and retired to her own settle-bed, after offering up her usual portion of nightly invocations to the throne of mercy for all blessings upon all men; while her son remained wrapt in a mood of intense reflection, sitting on his bed-side, and using every exertion in his power to compose his troubled spirit.

"For years an' years," said he, "I was looken to that hour, an' I thought it would be worth all I ever suffered or ever could suffer to live to see it; an' now it has come, an' is this the happiness it was to bring me? The pains of hunger and thirst, the cold of the winter night, the shame and disgrace that I endured, wor no more than child's play to the sight of him as he lay gaspen and groanen on the ground before me. Murder is a fearful thing for all!"

Suddenly, while he paused and remained fixed in horror at the bed-side, a sensation of strong fear, one of those powerful nervous affections by which persons of deep though silent passions, and ill-regulated minds, are liable to be assailed on any startling occasion, rushed to his heart and caused the blood to recoil upon it in such quantity, as to obstruct its action, and endanger, to his own thought, the very structure of the organ. Its pulses ceased for a moment and then resumed their play, with a violence which filled him with terror. He heard distinctly every bound which the irritated muscle made within his bosom, and a swift and unaccountable suspicion darted through his mind, that this was but the signal of a dissolution of the entire frame; that the hour of death, which no accident of illness or of peril had ever brought before him, was now arrived; and that he was presently to undergo that awful and mysterious change, at the prospect of which, even

the impenetrable heart of the sophist becomes illumined by a horrid light, and the souls of the saints themselves are not always free from anxiety, that change at the presence of which the light laugh or jest of petty malice, which was deemed so venial in the discourse of the preceding day, seems to swell and darken into a crime sufficiently enormous to blot out the light of paradise from our eyes for ever. The wretched man believed that he was now about to be hurried, fresh from the very act of his offending, before the judgment-seat, the terrors of which he had often heard depicted, but which had never affected his mind with any other sensation than that of weariness and impatience, until now that he almost beheld it within the scope of his own vision. He lay back in an agony of horror on his bed—the world and his worldly interests and connexions seemed to crumble into dust before his eyes—he was sensible of nothing but the eternal ruin that hung over him. He clasped his hands,

while a thick perspiration spread over all his frame, and prayed loudly for mercy, promising in his anguish that if he were granted but a little time, all should be disclosed, and justice fulfilled at any cost. While he continued praying, the beating of his heart subsided, a gradual relief crept over his spirits, which were at length lulled fast in a sound and dreamless slumber.

The first gray light of the winter day-break was streaming through the single pane of glass which was set in the mud wall of his apartment, when the voice of an acquaintance roused him from his short sleep. For a few moments after he woke, he felt as if nothing had taken place out of the usual course of events, and proceeded to make the necessary preparations for the seal-hunt.

"We've every thing ready," said the man, "the canoes are at the Poul a Dhiol,* an' we 're goen to have some fun besides with

* The Demon's Hole, near Loup Head.

Lewy Madigan, the publican o' the Bee-hive, that's comen wit uz—an'—whisht!—Is there any body there wit you?"

"No."

"Bekays I met Dorgan now an' a strong party, goen to Ennis, where the assizes are held this week. They say he won't call any witnesses, an' wants to be tried as soon as they can."

Pryce dropped the net which he had taken up, and remained silent for a moment. The consciousness of his situation came rushing at once upon his mind, and he remembered with terror the vow of disclosure which he had made in the night. He now stood, however, in very different circumstances; the cheerful daylight was about him, he felt secure in the possession of excellent health, and he half resolved in his own mind to postpone the fulfilment of his promise for some time yet.

Before he left the house, he took a small iron pot filled with potatoes, washed and

ready for boiling, which he proceeded to hang on the fire. "Yes—that's what I'll do," he said with himself—"what fear is there o' me now? Sure it's time enough to think about it yet."

A singular accident made him alter this opinion. At the moment that he spoke, a large stone, unfixed by the hand of Time from its position in the roof of the wide chimney, fell within an inch of his forehead, and dashed the vessel to pieces between his hands. If it had only held its place one second longer, his brains would have infallibly suffered the same fate. He started aghast with the conviction of a present and powerful Providence. What security had he now?—what was the use of the ingenious scheme which he had contrived to preserve his life and escape all suspicion, when it was no more within his own power than if he were already at the tree?—

As they proceeded together toward that part of the cliff at which their canoes (a light boat, as

ancient as the days of Ollam Fodla, constructed of horse-skin, which is used by the fishermen on those coasts) were moored; Kinchela ventured to hint a sensation of his remorse, to the rough fellow who accompanied him. The latter happened to be one of those cold ruffians, whose crimes are the offspring of interest and not of passion, and who was alike incapable of wanton cruelty or of merciful forbearance. The suggestion filled him with rage.

"That I may be happy, Kinchela," said he; "but you 're just what I always took you for. You wor the cruelest savage among us at the time—an' now I'll lay my life you 'll be the fusht to split."

"Well, howl your tongue, Fed, an' we 'll say nothen more about it. Only I wisht I could avoid the double murder, any way."

"What murther is it, man? E' what nonsins you talk! Sure you know yourself, if Dorgan was there he'd do the very same—an' twas only to get the start of him you did."

Kinchela did not pursue the subject farther, although the reasoning of his companion did not fully satisfy his mind that Dorgan deserved hanging for being liable to temptation. They had at this moment reached the brink of a long line of rocky cliffs, of considerable height, the bases of which were in many places hollowed out to a considerable distance inland. They continued their course over a large turf mountain (on which the signal tower was placed in a most commanding situation), the surface of which was covered with a short scanty moss, that afforded pasturage to a number of sheep; while, at another season, it might have furnished the whole country with mushrooms. The broken jags and edges of the great cliffs at the head soon began to make themselves visible. The first on which they arrived, presented a broken descent some hundred feet high, at the base of which lay a sloping ledge of rock, against whose jutting and uneven sides the bright green waves of

the Atlantic lashed themselves (on more boisterous mornings than the present), as if chafing at the stern and fixed rebuke which this gigantic natural boundary opposes to their fury; sometimes rushing fiercely up its sides, and leaving their white and foaming waters in the narrow crevices of crag, from which they are seen descending again in a thousand milky streams. They tried to descend here, but found it dangerous; that part of the recess which, seen from a little distance, appeared to to be sufficiently broken and slanting, proving, when they came near it, much more closely allied to the perpendicular. A little farther toward the Head, however, they chanced upon the Poul a Dhiol, or Devil's Hole; (and certainly, his Satanic majesty appears to have displayed quite as much taste in his selection of a salt-water lodge, as he did in the choice of a summer residence in the county of Wicklow). It was a recess of gigantic size, formed in the solid cliff by the beating of the waves,

if not originally so moulded, or left as a relic of chaotic matter, unsubdued to the form and uses to which the great mass of the material, of which this beautiful globe of earth and water is compounded, has been reduced. This recess runs at first into the land, and then some hundred yards to the left, as it is viewed from the water.

Perceiving an easy mode of descent, Kinchela and his friend made good their entry into the infernal palace, and were stopped about half way down by an enormous rock, which lay across the glen, and seemed to allow no hope of proceeding farther. Acquainted, however, with the facilities of the descent, they entered a small aperture left underneath. The spectacle which the Poul a Dhiol presented when viewed from beneath this archway, was grand and striking, as well as singular in the highest degree. Through the opening, as they looked upward, they could see the cliff heads piled together to the height of

some hundred feet, leaving between the uneven masses of rock the wild and craggy space through which they had descended. Below them, at a depth of many fathoms, the ocean waves heaved sluggishly against the huge rocks, which were almost polished and rounded by the untiring dash of the waters. Passing from beneath the rock, the fishermen suffered themselves to drop with little difficulty to the next ledge; and running from one enormous crag to another down to the water's edge, began to make the necessary preparations for their morning's sport, without stopping to indulge in any of the sensations of deep and trembling awe, with which the magnificence and grandeur of the scene, into the centre of which they had intruded, must have impressed the mind of a stranger. They stood in the midst of a vast natural hall, a few yards in width, and walled in on either side to the height of many hundred feet; the solid cliff on the landward side appearing directly to

overhang their heads. Opposite, in a dark recess of the cliff and placed on a ledge of rock at some height from the water, was a large crag, approaching in form to a lobster's claw, based on the obtuse end, which, from the singularity of its appearance, contributed much to the *bizarre* and fantastic grandeur of the scene. Looking toward the opening of the recess, they beheld the projections of three stupendous and overhanging cliffs, within the compass of a quarter of a mile; the farthest off being the land's end or actual Head, on which the light-house was still flinging its fading beams against the morning splendour. Close to the opening was a lofty island, perpendicular at all sides, and circular in shape, of dimensions so circumscribed, that it seemed to rise from the waters at the entrance like the remaining column of a porch. Its heathy and tabular summit was covered with sea-gulls, which kept wheeling and screaming perpetually among the crags and precipices. Close

to the Head was a large insular crag, which rose even higher than the lofty cliff from which it seemed at one time or another to have been separated, and formed a noble termination to this magnificent coup-d'œil. The prevailing impression which the scene, contemplated from the place where the fishermen stood, was calculated to leave on an unaccustomed mind, was that of fear, and an anxious, and almost tumultuous excitation of the spirits. There was an oppressive sense of confinement and insecurity, which repressed the struggling admiration that a spectacle of even inferior power or sublimity might have awakened.

Several canoes were already made fast near the rocks, and a number of fishermen were seen in various clefts of the sullen crag, preparing their poles or wattles with bags of charcoal affixed to them, touching the use of which they furnish a rather whimsical account of the animal's nature. They say that the seal is very certain to lay hold of the person who first ap-

proaches him, and to retain his hold, until he hears the bone crack under his teeth. In order to deceive him in this matter, the fishermen extend a long pole with a bag of charcoal attached, which bag he crunches with a remarkably good will, while his enemies muster around and destroy him with staves. For the truth of this story we will not vouch, as it certainly is not very complimentary to the sagacity of the animal.

The groups of moving figures in the crags—the tossing of the light canoes beneath—the dreary waste of the now peaceful ocean spreading in the distance—and the uncertain morning light which at once shadowed and illumined the whole picture in the manner best adapted to aid the grandeur of effect which it was calculated to produce, might possibly have arrested for a considerable time, the attention of persons more capable of appreciating its sublimity than Kinchela and his friend, who were too familiar with its beauties, and too deficient in refine-

ment of taste to pause for a moment in their contemplation.

After they had descended, they were met by a man, who appeared to have been expecting their arrival.

"I declare, gentlemen," said he, accosting them in the manner of a condescending superior—"I have been prefixed upon this rock the livelong morn, expecten your descension. That's a commendable canoe you have, Fed."

"Oyeh wisha, middlen."

"Dear knows, it is. They say the sales are congregated in a very spontaneous manner under the cliffs, at Ballybunion this mornen."

"O, enough for sport, I'll be bound, Mr. Madigan," said Fed, who recognized at first sight, in the speaker, the accomplished innkeeper of the Bee-hive, a man revered in the neighbourhood, for his knowledge of English, and laughed at now and then for his cowardice. "You'll go with us, I suppose, sir?"

"I profess to you, my dear, I am onaisy in

myself on the prospect of it. I should not admire much to be substituted onder one o' them caverns, when the tide would be on the alert with me."

"O, no fear in life, sir. The wathur is like glass, to-day. Come along, Kinchela—We'll just take one turn at the sales, an' then we'll go westwards a piece, an' get a feow bags o' the barnocks."

They put off, and the whole party were presently gliding under the cliffs at the Head, on their way to the caverns, each canoe being furnished with a lighted torch, to enable them, with greater facility, to explore the mazes of the gloomy subterrene, into which they were about to penetrate. As the first boats entered, it seemed to those who were following at some distance, and not yet near enough to distinguish the mouth of the cavern, as if their companions had discovered, and were prosecuting the way to the regions of those subaqueous sprites, who are supposed by the peasantry to people the vast

palaces of the deep, and wear out their immortality in a fairy land more gorgeous than that to which the muse of Southey introduced the protector of his heroine. In a short time our acquaintances found themselves in the centre of one of those lofty natural halls; the roof, irregularly arched above, sometimes at the height of three, sometimes twenty feet, and glittering indistinctly in the light of the numerous torches, which were also reflected from the face of the broken waters, with a splendour which presented a brilliant contrast to the dense gloom of the interior of the cavern, and which, of course, would have reminded the reader of Rembrandt.

"It is a speculation of uncommon perplexity," said Mr. Madigan, "those exuberant rocks overhead; I protest to you, I think they appear on the verge of suspense, as if they'd exterminate us all into a watery grave."

The canoes proceeded farther up the cave, until the dashing of waters, within a few yards

of them, intimated their proximity to the ledges of rock on which the objects of their search were accustomed to secrete themselves at particular seasons, and where they frequently suffer their pursuers to approach them, without making any attempt at escape or resistance until violence has been actually offered. While they pursued their game in the interior, Madigan petitioned to be left on one of the outer ledges, unwilling to trust his English into the perils of the hunt; while Kinchela and his companion, perceiving that they might be spared from the party, left the cavern for the purpose of gathering barnocks (a shell fish which is here found of a prodigious size), from the sides of a neighbouring cliff.

The cliff which they selected for this purpose, was the Bellaun Rock; which presents, from the plainness and smoothness of its perpendicular side, a striking contrast to the rough and broken barrier, which opposes its irregular strength to the ocean on either side. It is one

of the loftiest in the range, and as it affords no path or means of descent in any part, the fishermen are obliged to lower themselves by ropes to its centre, or to any portion of it, on which the harvest of barnocks happens to be most plentiful. Kinchela and his friend made profit of the retiring tide, however, from their canoes, and then proceeded by land to Claunsevane, or the Natural Bridge, a piece of scenery with which we will conclude our rather copious sketch of the coast, and the omission of which would leave that sketch very incomplete.

They passed along a precipitous range of cliffs, until they were made aware of the proximity of the place by the thundering of the waters on their left, although the day was calm rather than otherwise. They passed the Puffing Hole of Ross (one of those natural *jets d'eau*, which abound on the coast, and which are formed by a narrow opening, inland, over one of the caverns, into which the ocean waves rush with such fury as to force their way

through the neck, and ascend to a prodigious height in the air above), and in a short time found themselves on the borders of the precipitous inlet of Claunsevane. It was a small bay with a narrow opening toward the Atlantic, and walled round at all sides by a rugged crag which rose to a prodigious height. Across an arm of this inlet was a narrow range of crag, connecting the cliffs at either side, having the bay on one side, and on the other a deep basin, into which the waters flowed through three natural arches formed in the solid crag. A very narrow pathway was made on the summit of this singular natural bridge, several hundred feet above the arches, the fall at either side, but especially that toward the ocean, being almost quite perpendicular. In the base of the cliff inside the basin were a number of small caves; and in another corner of the inlet a tall column of rock, not more than a yard, perhaps, in diameter, rose from the waves nearly to the height of the cliff, at a little distance from which

it stood. This pillar, which is called the Stick, gives an air of uncommon wildness to the scene.

Kinchela having, with the assistance of his friend, succeeded in securing near the edge of the cliff, a kind of rude windlass, for the purpose of enabling them to increase their store of barnocks, made fast their rope in the earth, and prepared to descend.

This was a feat which he had been accustomed to perform, almost daily, from his boyhood, and he never had, for one moment, felt a greater degree of repugnance or apprehension, than he would have experienced in walking on the firm soil. But he was now an altered man, and he felt, as he put his foot in the loop which was made in the end of the rope, and grasping it with both hands, launched himself from the brow of the "pernicious height," a sensation of insecurity, and a sinking of the heart, such as he never before had felt in any situation whatever. He even

wished that he had taken the precaution (though it would have had but a cowardly air,) to secure himself to the rope, by tying it to his waist—but it was now too late for reflection, and he had only to trust his customary chances for a safe return to the firm earth.

While he was occupied in filling his net with the barnocks which he struck from the rock, he suddenly heard a crackling noise above his head, and looking up, saw that one of the divisions of the rope had given way, leaving the whole weight of his person on the faith of a single cord, not more than half an inch in diameter. He was now suspended in mid-air, more than a hundred feet from the summit, and saw, at a fearful distance beneath, the points of the rugged crag, around which the waters were now slumbering in almost a moveless calm. He feared to stir—to speak—to give any indication of his danger, lest it should only have the effect of making the latter more imminent. His limbs trembled, and

became bathed in perspiration, while he cast his eyes on that part of the rope where the fissure had taken place. He could almost —and only almost, reach it with his hand. Again all the horrors of the preceding night and morning were renewed, and a stupifying terror seized upon his brain. He ventured, at length, to give the signal, at which his companion was to draw him to the summit.— While he was doing so, and while he yet hung suspended between the dreadful alternative of life or death, some of the canoes passed under him on their way from the caverns to their homes, and the fishermen, in their own aboriginal language, began to hoot and jibe him as they passed, making various allusions to his position in the air, and drawing analogies concerning the rope, the humour of which poor Kinchela was in no condition to appreciate. A cold shivering passed through his limbs, when he saw the feeble portion of it approach the rugged edge of the cliff—and here, as if

for the purpose of increasing his agony, Fed stopped turning the windlass, and approached the brink with marks of alarm and astonishment.

" E', Pryce, man," said he, " do you see the danger you're in all this while ? Sure there's the rope med a' most two halves of, above you. Sure if that broke you'd be ruined, man."

" Wisha, then, Fed, what news you tell !— Is that the reason you stop haulen of it, in dread I'd have any chance at all. Murther alive, see this."

" I'll pull you up if you like, man, but what harm was there in me tellen you your danger."

" All o' one 'tisn't too well I knew it. Pull away, an' *sonuher* to you."

Fed resumed his post at the windlass, and in a few moments after, Kinchela grasped the edge of the cliff: he succeeded in scrambling up—after which, without speaking a word to his companion, he flung down the net of barnocks, and fled, as if he were hunted by the fiends, in the direction of his mother's

house—while his companion, after gazing after him and at the barnocks for a few moments, packed up their implements, and took to his heels, under the full conviction that the *phuca* was coming up the cliff to them.

"The Almighty is impatient, I believe," said Pryce, when he had reached his own door, "he will wait no longer.—There is no use in my hoping to escape—I must do it at last—an' I oughtn't to be dragged and frightened into it this way, so that there'll be no thanks to me in the end."

Notwithstanding this wholesome reflection, the weakness of the man's nature was such, that many days elapsed before he could prevail on himself to put in act any portion of the measures necessary for the accomplishment of his resolution. Even after he had learned from a neighbour that Dorgan's sentence had already passed, and that the day was appointed on which he was to be executed, in the neighbourhood where the offence had taken place,

he sustained many terrific struggles with his conscience, before he could bring himself to form a full and unreserved intention of making the disclosure, whatever it might be, which oppressed his soul. He felt his fears, at one time, muster on him in such excess, as to overpower, for the moment, every other consideration besides that of his immediate personal safety; and at another, the recollection of the perils he had undergone, and the uncertain tenure of his own life, which they manifested to him, renewed his remorse and his terror of another more powerful tribunal than that which here awaited him. He recollected too, amid his merely selfish reflections, the destitution which must attend the lonely old age of his unhappy parent, when he should be no longer able to minister to her wants, as he had done from his youth upwards; but again he recollected that a superior duty called him away, and he resolved to commit her fortunes to the care of the Being who summoned him

from her side, by warnings so singular and impressive—warnings, however fearful they might seem, which it would not, perhaps, require much enthusiasm, to attribute to the mercy shewn on behalf of this single virtue, which looked so lonely and beautiful amid the darkness and the multiplicity of his crimes.

Dorgan in the meantime was left to meditate, in the solitude of a condemned cell, on the singular fatality of the circumstances which had conducted him to it. The ceremony of a trial has been so often and so well delineated, and the facts that were proved on that of Dorgan, were so merely a repetition of those which have already been laid before the reader in the account of the Coroner's inquest, that we have esteemed it unnecessary to go at length into the subject. Whatever amusement the reader might find in the blunders of Irish witnesses, or the solecisms of an Irish court of justice—these afforded but little subject of merriment to our

poor hero, who, in spite of the confident anticipations which he had expressed to the Coroner, beheld himself placed within the peril of a disgraceful death, at the very moment when he expected to enter on the enjoyment of a life of domestic comfort and quiet happiness—happiness which was so justly earned by a youth of exertion and providence. Neither had he the comfort of leaving on earth a single heart that was impressed with the conviction of his innocence. Unjustly as he had been treated by the world, his was not one of those natures which could take refuge in misanthropy from the agony of disappointed feelings; and he longed, anxiously longed, for some opportunity of clearing himself, at least, in the opinion of one individual. But the instant after, he reproached himself for this wish, as selfish and unworthy. "No!" said he, "her knowledge of my innocence obtained only through my own assertion, would not save my life, and could only have the

effect of torturing her with the consciousness of having assisted in the destroying it. Let her never know it. What good would it do me to be remembered by her as other than she now thinks me? Would it restore life to my buried bones, or enable me to enjoy what I have lost? It would not, therefore I will leave it to Providence to keep the question of my guilt or innocence revealed or hidden as he pleases; doing only that which in justice and duty I am bound to do, to remove the false impression from the minds of my fellow-countrymen."

While he revolved these things in his mind, the door of the cell was opened, and the sheriff, attended by two officers and a clergyman, entered. In spite of all the efforts which he had made to establish his resolution, so as to support him firmly through this fatal moment, Dorgan felt a cold thrill shooting through all his limbs when it actually arrived, and it was not without considerable difficulty that he could so far command his heart as to under-

stand what the officer was saying to him. However perfectly we may, to our own thought, bend up our minds to the endurance of any dreadful extremity, and however satisfied we may be to abandon all expectation of avoidance or escape—it is certain that, until the very instant of its accomplishment has arrived, an unacknowledged, unconscious hope will yet continue lingering about the heart, the discomfiture of which (as it gives place at length to black and absolute despair) is more terrific than the very separation of our two-fold existence itself. Our unfortunate hero leaned heavily on the clergyman while the death-warrant was read over. The hand-cuffs were then struck off, as if for the purpose of mocking him with a freedom which he never could enjoy; and a man, covered from head to foot in a thick blanket, at sight of whom, Dorgan shuddered to the very centre of his being, approached him with a halter, on which the awful noose was already formed, in his hand. He lifted it, for

the purpose, as is usual, of suffering Dorgan to carry it to the place of execution; but the latter recoiled with horror at this apparently unneedful cruelty.

"It must be done," said the sheriff, "put it over his head."

"Remember heaven," said the clergyman—"will you refuse to imitate its monarch? He bore his cross to Calvary."

Nothing affects the heart more deeply, at a moment of this kind, than a sentiment of religion. The tears suddenly rushed into Dorgan's eyes, and bowing his head in silence, he suffered the ignominious badge to be laid on his neck without farther question.

"Why is the prisoner not dressed in the gaol-clothes?" said the sheriff.

"There was no order given, sir," said the gaoler, "an' I'm afeerd 'twould be late wit uz, now."

"No matter," replied the sheriff, "it will

answer as it is. Let him die in the clothes in which the deed was done."

Dorgan instantly raised his head from its drooping position, and looking calmly and fixedly on the officer of the law, said: "Let me die, sir, in the clothes which I wore while engaged in the service of my country. Her uniform will never be disgraced by a death that is not merited, although it be shameful."

"You persist then in declaring your innocence?" asked the officer.

"I did not intend, sir, to have repeated what I already said; and *that* last word escaped me unawares, but since you put the question, justice compels me to give you an answer. I here solemnly declare, in the presence of these men, my accusers and my executioners, as well as in the presence of that God before whose throne I must shortly stand, that I am now about to die the death of a murdered man. Yes—ye are about to do a murder—and it is more for your sakes than mine, that I bid you

take the warning. The day will come, sir, when you will remember my words with sorrow. I pray Heaven that you may have no heavier feeling to strive against. You, father, were one of the witnesses against me; when the day arrives, as it may before long, that shall make my innocence appear—all I ask, sir, is—that you will pause, and weigh the matter well with yourself before you again throw in your hard word against a poor fellow-creature's life. Remember these words. I hope that my fate will teach the gentlemen that have the lives of the poor in their hands to proceed very cautiously in future, before they take circumstances for certainty. I am ready to attend you, Mr. Sheriff."

Two cars (in English, carts) were placed outside the gaol, in one of which Dorgan and the clergyman were placed, while the other was occupied by the blanketted personage abovementioned, who immediately secreted himself, amid the shouts and groans of the populace,

under the straw which was placed in it for that purpose. As the cars were about to move forward, a woman passed through the guard, and grasped the rail of that which contained Dorgan, who was deeply absorbed at the moment, in the discourse which the clergyman directed to him. One of the soldiers perceived, and striking her on the shoulder with the butt end of his musket, bid her go back.

"One word, sodger darlen—let me only spake a word to the boy, an' I'll be off. Mr. Dorgan! Don't you hear, sir?"

Dorgan lifted up his eyes, and started back with sudden terror, as he beheld the Card-drawer, his evil prophet, looking into his eyes, with her finger raised in the action of beckoning or inviting his attention. The clergyman also recognized her at the same instant.

"Wretched impostor!" he exclaimed, "how dared you force your way hither? Is it not enough that you mislead fools in their health,

but you must trouble the hope of the dying, as you do now?"

"No trouble in life, your reverence, only just to spake one word to the boy. Mr. Dorgan, there's one gay me a message to you, sir—to say —— whisper hether ——"

"Remove that woman," said the sheriff—

"I say, you mizzuz!" said a soldier, elbowing her from the car.

"Only one word, sodger, dear darlen—"

"Remove her, I say!—"

"One word—O darlen sodger, don't kill me with the plundtherpush—Mr. Duke, keep up your sperrits—for there's one that 'll———"

The remainder of the speech (if it were uttered) was unheard by the ears for which it was intended, as the speaker was forced back into the centre of the noisy press, and the party proceeded on their route.

The day was as dreary as the occasion. The remark, so popular in Ireland, that there never is an Assize week without rain, was

in this instance justified by a thick mizzle which made the air dull and gloomy, and covered the trees and herbage with a hoar and dimly glittering moisture. There was no wind, and the distant surface of the river, as they passed in the direction of its mouth, was covered by a mantle of gray and eddying mist, through which the shadow of a dark and flagging sail, or the naked masts of an anchoring vessel, were at intervals visible. The crowd which had accompanied the party to the outskirts of the city, dropped off gradually as they proceeded into the country, until they were left to prosecute their dreary journey with no other attendants than the few whose interest in the prisoner's fate had induced them to come from the coast for the purpose of witnessing his trial.

It was late in the afternoon before they arrived at Carrigaholt. As the cars were descending an eminence in the neighbourhood, Dorgan cast his eyes towards the west, and beheld, on

the very spot where he had parted with his love before his departure to join his ship, and where the sweetest hours of their first and declared affection had been past, the dreadful engine erected, on which he was within another hour to lose a life which, but a few days before, he would not have given for that of a purpled monarch. A great multitude of people encompassed the spot, among whom might be discerned the light blue dresses of the fish-jolters from the coast; the rough and half sailor-like persons of the fishermen; the great coated, legginged, and comfortably appointed farmers from the interior; nearly all of those whom he beheld having been at one time or another the partakers of some hour of youthful enjoyment with the victim of the sacrifice, in his days of careless boyhood. Seated on a green bank, at two or three hundred paces distant from the gallows, were a group of persons, comprising a soldier and two sailors, the same who were witnesses to Dorgan's first landing,

during their watch at the signal tower on the evening of his arrival.

"I say, you land-lobster there," said the hero of the draught-board, "will you douce your sky-tackle there and let us have a peep at the fun. A messmate! I'd rather than a gallooner it had been a red jacket instead of true blue. You have the wind o' me there, Will."

"I say, Jack!" the soldier replied, turning his head round, "you mind the Papist that made the bull that night."

"Ay—ay—"

"There he's over; speaking to that elderly lady with the pipe in her mouth."

"Eh? Why, unreeve my clue lines, Will, if that an't the very lubber I met in the larboard field yonder, this morning, abaft the tower. I'll tell you now how it was—I saw his pennant flying on the lee, and took him for our cook at the tower; so I made sail—he stood off—I gave chase—he tacked and stood across the meadow—I squared my yards, out

studding-sails—sung out 'steady'—poured in a broadside, and ran alongside to see my mistake just as he weathered the gap in the hedge. 'My eye,' says I, 'here's a go—I took you for our cook.' 'No, Sir,' says he, 'I'm for the hanging match, can you tow me on the way?' 'To be sure I can,' says I—''bout ship and sheer off yonder; when you come abaft the water-mill—belay sheets and tacks and stand off close to the wind's eye for the potatoe field—then bear away for the bog—sing out a-head, and if they won't open the gate, 'bout ship again; loose your main sheet—make for the white cottage—gibe—and come out upon the highway—crowd all your canvass, and run right a-head for the gallows."

"Haw! haw!—And what did the Hirish Roman Papist say to you?"

"He stood with his mouth open, gaping like an empty scuttle butt.—The fellow never heard English in his life before. Oy say! You Papist Paddy, you, come here and make us a

bull, and you shall have a glass o' grog when I 'm purser."

The person whom he addressed was standing at a few paces distant, occupied with far other and deeper thoughts than those which suggested the holiday converse of the last speakers. His eye was fixed on the place of execution, while he received some message from an old and miserably attired woman, which seemed to fill him with anxiety and disappointment.

He turned on the sailor a ghastly and fearful eye, but made no answer to his words.

"Never look so cloudy about it, messmate," the latter continued in an unmoved tone—"Cheer up, man, the rope is not twisted for your neck yet. Jack's alive! who's for a row? Never say die while there's a shot in the locker. Whup!"

"It would become you, av you 're a Christian yourself, to conduct yourself wit more feeling and more decency an the breath goen

to be taken out of a poor fellow-cratur," said the woman.

"He's some cousin of yours, mistress, by the kindness you shew him."

"Ayeh, my dear," the Card-drawer retorted, plucking the man's blue jacket significantly—"'tisn't my unyform he wears."

A shout of laughter burst from the sailor's companions at this sally, as the old woman hastened off, audibly humming over a stanza of the popular ballad,

> "An' as for sailors I don't admire them—
> I wouldn't live as a sailor's bride,
> For in their coorten they're still discoorsen
> Of things consarnen the ocean wide."

While the countryman, who had shewn such marks of intense interest in the scene, disappeared amid the crowd that surrounded the place of execution.

The car had already halted at the foot of the fatal tree, and Dorgan, his limbs stiff from the maintenance of the same position during

the long journey, was ordered to stand erect. He opened his eyes heavily, and gazed around on the multitude of faces that were turned towards his—he looked on the fields and meadows in which his childhood had been passed, and felt his heart almost break with the long farewell which it sent forth in a sigh, that

> " —seemed to shatter all his bulk,
> And end his being—"

The awful preparations were already completed—Dorgan's hands were pinioned—the dreadful knot affixed—and the whole scene, the hills and cottages and buzzing multitude, swam and reeled before his eyes—when the ghost-like person in the blanket approached and uncovering from beneath his woollen envelope a bony and muscular hand, extended it to our hero, saying at the same time,

" *Therom-a-lauv a gra bawn.** Forgive an'

* Give me the hand, my white darling.

forget. Sorrow better boy ever I see die in his shoes. Say you won't be haanten me for this—it's only my juty."

Dorgan, half-stupified, gave him his hand in token of forgiveness, and at the same instant felt the death-cap pulled over his eyes, while the command to "draw away the car" sounded in his ears.

"Hold!" cried the clergyman to the owner of the vehicle, who with much simplicity had taken the collar and was about to lead the horse away, not considering that by so doing he would in fact be the executioner of the convict.—"Let the man who is engaged for the purpose be the shedder of the forfeited blood," continued his Reverence. "Do not move the horse."

"A' then your reverince might just let matters go on as they were," said the finisher of the law. "It's all one to the boy who does that job for him."

The pause saved Dorgan's life. At the

moment when the hangman was about to lay his fingers on the collar, the crowd near him separated with much noise and confusion, and a man darting through the passage and through the file of soldiers, seized the rude bridle, and striking the executioner so as to make him reel and stagger a few paces, cried out in a hoarse and loud voice, " Come down, Mr. Dorgan, come down off o' the car—Let him go, Mr. Sheriff, dear, for the man is here that did the deed."

The sheriff, in the midst of the confusion that prevailed, imagining that a rescue was about to be attempted, had cocked a pistol and placed it to the head of his prisoner. He now suffered the muzzle to fall, and gazed in astonishment on Kinchela, who stood, pale, trembling, and listless, at the horse's head. The truth flashed on the clergyman's mind, as he recognized in Pryce the same individual who sat with Dorgan in the parlour of the Bee-hive on the evening before the murder.

He suggested to the sheriff the propriety of inquiry.

"It may be a cheat," said the officer, "and if so, how dreadfully cruel will be the disappointment to the prisoner after this suspense."

"Let the man be summoned hither and questioned at once," said the priest.

Kinchela was called accordingly, but he was unable, for a long time, to answer, or even to comprehend the questions that were put to him. The excess of his terror had deprived him for the moment of all consciousness: he saw a thousand faces flitting about him, and heard a thousand voices at his ear, but was totally incapable of appreciating their meaning or their wishes. The sight of Dorgan, still pinioned and blindfolded in the car, at length startled him from his stupor; he suddenly extended his arms, and repeated with great violence, "Come down, again, I tell you, Dorgan! Mr. Sheriff, let go Mr. Dorgan, for he's innocent. I am the man that done it."

"That did what?"

"That murdered old Mc Loughlen!" Kinchela exclaimed with a gesture of deep horror, "an here I'm come to answer for it now."

"If the man should be a maniac," said the sheriff.

"Oh, I wisht to the heavens I was!" Kinchela exclaimed. "No—no—I was mad when I done it, it's in my sober senses I come to declare it. Let Mr. Dorgan loose, an tie me up in his place, an heavens bless you an don't keep me long in pain, for I hear hangen is a fearful death."

After some consultation, the sheriff agreed to take upon him all the responsibility of delay; the unhappy Dorgan was unbound and removed from the car. He looked drearily around him, and leaned on the clergyman for support, while the change in his fortunes was communicated to him by the sheriff.

"In the middle o' the night that same time," said Kinchela, in answer to the in-

quiries which were made respecting the manner of the occurrence, "I made my way into Dorgan's room, an I took his clothes that wor lyen on the chair, an I dressed myself in 'em, an in them I did the murder. I don't know what made me tell it, but my conscience was killen o' me intirely. Mr. Dorgan, I have only one word to say to you before we part. My poor old mother, that—" the word stuck in his throat, and he could only look his meaning through his tears.

"'Never fear for her," said Dorgan, "she shall be provided for. Oh, Pryce, I little thought—Well, there's no use in talking about it now."

The sheriff now gave orders to take Kinchela into custody, detaining Dorgan at the same time under arrest, until his sentence should be rescinded according to the usual form. The crowd separated in great confusion.

It now became a point of consideration with her friends to devise the most easy method

of breaking the joyous intelligence of her lover's innocence and liberation to Pennie Mc Loughlen. Although the mode of her life and education exempted her in general from the danger which might be apprehended in such cases to a person of more refined habits or a more nervous constitution; yet it was conjectured with much truth and sagacity, that the repetition of so many dreadful shocks within so short a space of time, could not fail to be injurious in its operation on a mind not altogether destitute of sensibility. If the reader have curiosity or good feeling enough to induce him to entertain an interest in the contrivances of their rustic wits on this occasion, we will venture to prolong the narrative to its real consummation, the reconciliation of the lovers.

Pennie had removed immediately after the day on which her father's funeral took place, to the house of a relative—a "*dale*ing woman," in the village of Carrigaholt. A few days after

Dorgan's formal pardon had been obtained, his fair accuser being yet in ignorance of all the events which succeeded the trial; she was seated in a small clean room, called a parlour, inside the shop, in which her relative appeared, bustling about in all the conscious satisfaction and importance of a thriving huxter among her closely packed assortment of haberdashery, reaping hooks, penknives, notation-books, *reading-made-easys*, snuff and tobacco, flax seed, prayer-books, halters, waistcoat-patterns, plates, dishes, of the most flaming colours, with a small stock of grocery, and in short, every description of merchandize which might by any possible contingency become needful to the comfort of the good folks in her neighbourhood. The door of the little parlour was left a-jar, so that our heroine, while occupied in her usual duty of instructing her infant cousin in her rudimental lessons, could hear all that passed without. A snug-looking farmer was bargaining at one side of the shop,

for a new "Poor Man's Manual," while his wife, a quiet, elderly woman, neatly attired in a scarlet rug cloak (a favourite article of dress among the fair ones of the coast), and a decent snow white hankerchief simply tied in matron fashion over her head, was turning over some pieces of gingham in an opposite corner.

"Sixpence!" the Dinmont of Clare exclaimed in a tone of expression of strong surprise, while by a jerk of the frame he tossed his heavy great coat higher on his shoulders, as if preparing at once to depart. "No—Mrs. Rahilly—take four-pence for the book, an' here 'tis for you."

"I never bought it for the money," said Mrs. Rahilly, replacing the book on the shelf.

"Well—what's your lowest offer then?—I don't like, as we're ould friends, to lave the money any where else, though I protest to my conshins, Davy Molony below sthreet offered me the same book for four-pence ha'p'ny."

Mrs. Rahilly paused. "Well then—bein as

you say, an ould cushtomer—split the defference, an' say no more about it."

"That I may be blest af I do, now. Here's four-pence ha'p'ny, an' I never 'll go back o' what I say."

"Have it for the fi'-penny."

"Oh, ax wool of a goat—what talk it is!"

"Well, may be *herself* would want another."

"O never heed me," said the woman, smiling and laying down the pattern of gingham, "af it's prayer-books you're talken of, I can say my rosary on me fingirs."

"You are attending to those people in the shop, instead of minding your task," said Pennie, chiding her little pupil. "Keep your eyes on the book now. Read on. 'Thirty days—'"

The child read, in a high singing tone, the lesson from her marble-covered notation-book, "Thirty days hath September, April, June an' November, &c." On a sudden she paused,

and looking into her cousin's face, said, "Pennie, are you goen to die?"

The young maiden started at the suddenness of the question, and then looking fixedly in surprise on the child, said, "Why do you ask such a question as that, honey?"

"Becase Patcy Magrarth, he toult me that his mammy said you wor, an' that she seen it by you, for you wor growen thinner an' thinner an' paler an' paler every day, an' that you'd die before long an' be buried like uncle."

"I hope not," said the poor girl, smiling rather anxiously.

"I hope not aither—for what 'ud *I* do at all then? I wouldn't have any body to tache me my lessons or do a haiporth. Aunt Rahilly does n't know B from a bull's foot, although she pretends to a dale. I know what I'll do af you die, I'll marry Patcy Magrath, for he's a fine scholar—that's when we're big enough—an' he 'll larn me—but what 'll I do till then?"

"Mind your tasks, and do as you are bid,

honey, and say your prayers regularly, and God will be a father, and uncle, and cousin and all to you. You need fear nothing so long as you do not displease him."

"That's just the way the man with all the wool about his head talked to me in the coort-house, when I toult upon Dorgan for murdheren Uncle——What ails you now, Pennie? I can't say a haiporth to you ever since uncle was kilt but you begin to screech an' cry that way. Are you sick? Because if you are, I'll go an' get a physic o' salts from Aunt Rahilly. She has a tub o' salts abroad that would cure the world."

At this moment, the sound of Dorgan's name, pronounced by a voice that was familiar to her, in the shop, struck on the elder maiden's ear, and prevented her reply. She put the child from her with a sudden "husht" and remained in an attitude of the most anxious attention, with her ear turned towards the half open door.

"I wonder who is it that's minden the people in the shop *now*," said the child.—"Well, Pennie, af you won't hear me my lesson, I 'll go and play tig-touch-iron wit Patcy Magrath in the haggard, an' I 'll have it for you agen supper."

She slipped out of the house through a back door, leaving Pennie too perfectly absorbed in the conversation, which was now passing in the shop, to answer or even to notice her departure.

"An is it now they're thinken o' throwen a doubt upon his guilt?" said the farmer. "Here—take a pinch, Sir, while the box is open. The little dust o' snuff I had isn't much the better o' you since you took that *dhudhogue** out of it, any way. But as for Dorgan, why I seen the guard goen to the gallows with him meself, though I couldn't stop to see the hangen."

"That may be compatible with the limits

* Pinch.

o' veracity," said the person who had just entered—"but it is an undeniable fact, that Dorgan has been approved innocent—and Kinchela, the fisherman from the Head, has come forth and prosecuted his confession before the magistrate as the real perpetraathur."

The conversation was here cut short by a deep groan, and a sound, as of a heavy weight descending, in the inner parlour. The plan which had been constructed for breaking the matter to Pennie was completely baffled by the awkwardness of the well-meaning pedant, who blurted out that part of his intelligence which comprised the most horrible inference in the very commencement. She had scarcely heard it uttered, when her senses failed her, and she sunk on the floor in a strong convulsion fit. When the exertions of her friends, who at once hastened to her assistance, had recalled her to some degree of consciousness, she beheld, among the many faces which

surrounded her, those of the clergyman of her parish before-mentioned, and the unfortunate agent of the discovery she had made. The former, having ascertained the degree of strength which might now be expected from her, motioned every person out of the room, with the exception of her relative. He then took Pennie's hand kindly.

"Are you prepared," he said, "to thank your God for a more pleasing piece of news than that which you have just heard?"

The girl looked in his face with a gaze of bewildered inquiry. Her lips muttered, as if unconsciously, the word "Dorgan," as the thought which floated uppermost in her imagination.

"Read there," said the clergyman, putting into her hands a letter, folded.

The blood rushed forcibly to her cheek, brow, and her very finger-ends, and again recoiled, so as to leave her pale as marble, when she recognized the hand of Dorgan in the super-

scription. She quickly opened the note, and read as follows:

My Dear Pennie,

(For I may once more with a free heart, thanks be to the Most High, call you by that name), It has pleased Heaven to make good the word which I spoke on that unfortunate day, when I told my judges that I felt it within me that I should not die for a deed of which, the Lord knows my heart, and which is since proved, I was wholly clear and innocent. I have got my pardon—for it seems it is a form of law, that when an innocent man is convicted, after suffering imprisonment, and all hardship, and anxiety, instead of his judges asking *his* forgiveness, 'tis *he* that has to get pardon from them, for being so misfortunate as to be condemned and very nearly hung in the wrong. Now, Pennie, this comes by the hand of Father Mahony, to tell you, that of all things in the world, I admire and love you

for your conduct on that day, and all through this dreadful business. I know well, my dear girl, how your heart is accusing you at this moment, but give no heed to such thoughts, I beg of you, and let them be as far from your mind as they are from mine, for you did your duty nobly; and Lord Nelson, my glorious and lamented commander, who little thought I'd be brought into such trouble on account of the victory he died in obtaining, could have done no more if he was in your place. I hope, therefore, you will shew your good sense, and think no more of what is past, but take this as the true feeling of his heart from him who is yours until death.

DUKE DORGAN.

To Penelope Mc Loughlen,
at Mrs. Rahilly's Shop, Carrigaholt.

The heroic generosity with which her lover thus rose superior to all the petty resentments and jealousies, which are incidental to the passion, even in the most vigorous and straight-

forward minds, sunk deeply into the heart of the young woman. Although the love which she felt for Dorgan was of that genuine and unaffected kind, which is wholly a stranger to the delicate intricacies and refined difficulties which are attendant on the progress of this most capricious of affections, in the bosoms of those who boast a higher rank than hers, yet she could not but be keenly sensible that she had failed in one of its most essential qualities—an unbounded and immoveable confidence. She raised her eyes, which were overflowing with tears of mingled shame and gratitude, towards the clergyman, when a creaking noise at the door attracted her attention. It opened—and Dorgan entered. Her agitation and confusion became now extreme, nor were they diminished when her lover advanced to her side with a respectful gentleness, and said,

"Pennie, you see we meet happier and sooner than we expected. I hope you'll be

said by what I mentioned to you in the letter, and give me your hand now in token that all is forgotten."

"I give you my hand freely, Dorgan," the girl replied, still blushing deeply, "and bless your good, generous heart—but all cannot be forgotten. I may be friends with you again—but I never can be friends with myself as long as ever I live. There is a load now laid upon my mind that never will be taken off until the day I die."

Dorgan, assisted by his reverend friend, applied himself, and as it proved, not unsuccessfully, to combat this feeling; after which the latter departed, having seized the opportunity of impressing on both the obligations which they owed to Providence for the turn which their fortunes had taken.

The imagination of the reader may be safely trusted with the details of the ensuing days; the penitence of Kinchela, and the distraction of his aged mother, who could scarcely be

persuaded, even by his own assertion, that the son, whom she had found so faultless, could thus suddenly break upon her knowledge in a character so new and hideous. Dorgan took care, on his establishment in his native village, to fulfil the promise which he had made to Kinchela.

About a year after this, the handsome Mrs. Dorgan was sitting at the door of her barn, superintending a number of girls who were employed in scutching flax in the interior, when her eye was attracted by an old woman, who raised the hatch of the farm-yard gate, and, making a low courtesy, said, "You wouldn't have any kid-skins, rabbit-skins, or goose-quills to sell, ma'am?"

Mrs. Dorgan coloured to the very border of her rich tresses when she recognized, and was recognized in turn by the Card-drawer.

"Well, darlen, didn't it come true what I toult you that mornen behind the stacks?" she asked, with a knowing wink.

"It did; but I have learned to know since, that it was more by your good luck than your skill, that you hit the mark so cleverly. You said that himself was far away at the time too, and he was close at our side."

"A' then sure he ought to have more sense than to trust me—a man that spoke like a priest, they tell me, before the crowner. But all that is over with me now; for sure I paid Father Mahony better than five pounds restitution-money, no longer ago than istherday, an I'm to be tuk into the pale of his flock agen, wit a trifle more honestly made wit hare-skins, an writen-quills, an one thing or another that way—an I'm to live quietly, an to have nothen more to say to the CARD DRAWING."

END OF CARD DRAWING

THE HALF SIR.

SONNETS—INTRODUCTORY.

I.

Glens of the west! the days are past and done,
Since, while the north wind howled amidst your bowers,
And, hurrying through his course of frequent showers,
Sped, pale, mid winter mists, the southern sun;
When the vext Shannon, rid by ruffian gales
That whipped his foaming sides with tireless hand,
Shook his white mane along the darkening strand,
And bounded fiercely by the leafless vales;
Since—when our turfen fire made glad the hearth,
And shone on merry faces, gathered near
With untaught song, light jest, and drowsy story—
We blessed the wintry eve, with gentle mirth—
Or in soft sorrow lent a pensive ear,
To tales of Erin's elder strength and faded glory.

II.

Ambition, absence, death, have thinned the number
Of those who met beside your evening fires;
Some, gathered to the ashes of our sires,
On yonder sacred mount in silence slumber:
Some, scattered far, extend their longing hands
Towards those loved shades, and lonely walks in vain,
For never shall your sun behold again
Their early foot-prints on your dewy lands—
And never more within that ruined gate,
Shall their blithe voices cheer the hush'd domain—
Yet some are left to pace your dreary ways,
Some cherished friends, in whose sweet circle late,
Old joys came hovering round my heart again—
Faint echoes of the bliss we knew in early days.

THE HALF SIR.

CHAPTER I.

A gentleman that loves no noise.—*The Silent Woman.*

The Wren-boys of Shanagolden, a small village in the south-west of Ireland, were all assembled pursuant to custom on the green before the chapel-door, on a fine frosty morning, being the twenty-sixth of December, or Saint Stephen's day—a festival yet held in much reverence in Munster, although the Catholic church has for many years ceased to look upon it as a holiday of "obligation."*

* A holiday rendering it obligatory on all the members of the church to hear mass and refrain from servile work.

Seven or eight handsome young fellows, tricked out in ribands of the gayest colours, white waistcoats and stockings, and furnished with musical instruments of various kinds—a fife, a pipolo, an old drum, a cracked fiddle, and a set of bagpipes—assumed their place in the rear of the procession, and startled the yet slumbering inhabitants of the neighbouring houses, by a fearfully discordant prelude. Behind those came the Wren-boy, *par excellence*, a lad who bore in his hands a holly-bush, the leaves of which were interwoven with long streamers of red, yellow, blue, and white riband; all which finery, nevertheless, in no way contributed to reconcile the little mottled tenant of the bower (a wren which was tied by the leg to one of the boughs) to his state of durance. After the Wren-boy came a promiscuous crowd of youngsters, of all ages under fifteen, composing just such a little ragged rabble as one observes attending the band of a marching regiment on its entrance into a country town,

shouting, hallooing, laughing, and joining in apt chorus with the droning, shrilling, squeaking, and rattling of the musicians of the morn.

After proceeding along the road for about half a mile, the little rustic procession turned aside into a decent avenue, which led, in the antique fashion (that is to say, by a line so direct, that if you rested a musket on the lock of the gate, you could put a bullet in the very centre pannel of the hall-door), to a house no less quaint in its form than its approach—a square built pile, standing bolt upright on the top of a hillock, with a plain, rough-cast front, in which were two rows of small, square windows, and a hall-door with two steps leading up to it—presenting, in short, such a façade as children are accustomed to cut out of paper—so flat, so regular, so dull, and quakerly. A line of soldier-like looking elms ran along the avenue-wall on either side, and filed off with the most unexceptionable precision to the

rear of the building, taking the kitchen-garden in flank, and falling into a hollow square about the paddock and *haggart*.

Before the hall-door was a semi-circular gravel plot, in which the avenue lost itself, as a canal terminates in its basin. Around this space the procession formed, and the Wren-boy, elevating his bush, gave out the opening stave of the festive chaunt, in which the whole rout presently joined:

"The Wran! the Wran! the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's day was caught in the furze;
Although he's little, his family's great,
Get up, fair ladies! and give us a trate!
And if your trate be of the best,
In heaven we hope your soul will rest!"

As the din of the chorus died away, one of the lower windows was thrown up, and two of the "fair ladies" appealed to, presented themselves to the praises and blessings of the admiring rustics. One of them could scarcely have justified the epithet—she was of a dark-brown complexion, and a slight shadowing

across the forehead would have led a person not disposed to argue favourably of the indication, to suppose that she had already declined, and yet not much, into the vale of years. Thirty or two-and-thirty might have brought the change. There was, moreover, a proud, fiery lustre in her eye which would account perhaps for many of the invidious lines. The smile, nevertheless, which she instantly accorded to the villagers, shewed that her pride was not the defect of her heart or disposition, but the accident of a conscious superiority either of rank or of mind. Her companion was a pretty, lively girl, with health on her cheeks, and mirth and laughter in her eye —and nothing more.

"Which o' the two is Miss O'Brien?" asked one of the mummers in a whisper of his companion.

"Can't you know the real lady?" was the reply. "Don't you see it in her eye, and in her smile. There she is—the dark one."

"Come, plase your honour, ladies, ordher soomthen out to the Wran. He come a long way to see ye'r honours this morning. Long life to you, Mister Falahee! The Wran thanks you, Sir," as a half-crown, flung by an elderly gentleman, who made his appearance at the windows, jingled on the gravel-walk. "And *sonuher** to you, Miss Mary, and that before the frost is off the ground; we are goen to call on Mister Charles himself next."

The younger of the ladies blushed deep crimson.

"Stay until Davy gives you a drink, lads," said Mr. Falahee.

A new uproar of thanks, and "long lives!" and sundry other benedictions, followed this invitation, in the midst of which old Davy made his appearance at the hall-door with a tin-can full of cider of his own brewage, and a smile on his wrinkled face, that shewed with how much good will he fell into the hospitable

* Good spouse.

humour of his master. The lads swarmed about him as flies do about a lump of sugar.

"Have you been at Mr. Hamond's yet, lads?" inquired Mr. Falahee.

"Aw! not we, Sir. It 's always the way with the Wran to pay his compliments to the real gentlemen first."

"Why—" said the worthy but flattered host, with an ill-suppressed smile, "Is not Mr. Hamond a real gentleman?"

"No, plase your honour, not a real, undoubted gentleman, that way, all out."

"I'm sure Castle Hamond is as fine a property as there is in the barony."

"O we don't mean to dispute that, sir. But himself, you see, he 's nothing. What is he but a bit of a half sir?"

"A what?" exclaimed the elder lady.

"A half sir, ma'am;" turning toward her with great respect, and giving his forelock a drag which seemed to signify that had he got

such a thing as a hat on, he would have taken it off to her honour.

"What do you call a half sir?"

"A man that has not got any blood in him, ma'am."

"A man that has got no blood in him!"

"Noan; any more than meself. A sort of a small gentleman, that way; the singlings of a gentleman,* as it were. A made man—not a born gentleman. Not great, all out, nor poor, that way, intirely. Betuxt and betune, as you may say. Neither good pot-ale, nor yet strong whiskey. Neither beef nor vale. Castle Hamond! What 's Castle Hamond to me, as long as the master would'nt conduct himself proper! A man that would'nt go to a hunt, nor a race-coorse, nor a cock-fight, nor a hurlen-match, nor a dance, nor a fencen-bout, nor any one born thing. Sure that 's no gentleman! A man that gives no parties, nor was

* The *singlings* are the first running of spirits in the process of distillation.

never known yet to be drunk in his own house. O poh!—A man that was never seen to put his hand in his pocket on a frosty mornen and say to a poor man, 'Hoy, hoy! my good fellow, here's a tinpinny for you, and get a drop o' somethen warm and comfortable agen the day! A man that was never be any mains *overtaken in liquor* himself, nor the cause of anybody else being so, either. Sure such a man as that has no heart?"

"Tell me, my good lad," said the lady, with much seriousness, "is this Mr. Hamond a miser?"

"O dear, no, ma'am," exclaimed his accuser, "nobody has anything to charge agen him on that score, I'm sure."

"Does he ever assist the poor in his neighbourhood?"

"Indeed that he does; there's no gainsaying that any way."

"Is he ever found in the cottages of the sick and the distressed?"

"There's no doubt o' that. He is indeed. The time the faver was ragen there last summer, he was like a priest or a doctor, goen about from bedside to bedside, ordering wine here, and blankets there, and paying for every thing out of his own purse. I declare ma'am," the speaker continued, warming with his subject so as totally to forget his late invective, "'twould be an admiration to you to know the *sighth* o' money he laid out in that way."

"And tell me, did the racing, and cock-fighting, and hunting gentlemen do a great deal more? The real gentlemen I mean."

"Is it they? no—nor half as much, the whole put together."

"But Mr. Hamond has no heart for all that?"

"O,—eh?—heart?—" the man repeated in a puzzled tone. "He has *relligion*, ma'am—*relligion* and charity—that's what he has."

"Then what *you* mean by 'heart,' is, I suppose, drunkenness, prodigality, gambling—all,

in short, that is opposed to religion and charity?"

"Why then—" after a pause, "heaven forgive uz, I b'lieve that's the manen we put upon it."

"And Mr. Hamond has none of that?"

"No, indeed, ma'am."

"I'm satisfied," said the Lady, retiring from the window, and leaving the young man a-gape to comprehend her meaning.

In a few minutes the whole procession was again in motion, drumming, squeaking, shouting and laughing down the avenue. After they had fairly seen them off, Mr. Falahee and his daughter returned to the breakfast table.

"Ho! ho! where is Miss O'Brien gone?" said the old gentleman.

"I declare, I don't know," said an old grandmama, who sat in an arm-chair by the fire-side, "she only took one cup of coffee, and there is her spoon in her saucer—so she wasn't done."

"Has any body done any thing to offend her *to-day?*" said Mr. Falahee, laying an emphasis on the word, as if the *taking* offence were a matter of not unfrequent occurrence.

"I—I'm sure not I, at any rate," said Miss Falahee; "I dont know what to make of her. May be 'twas something the wren-boy said."

"Best send to her," said the old gentleman. "Nelly, go and see what keeps your mistress."

In a few minutes Nelly returned. Her mistress had done breakfast, and was preparing to ride out. She wished to know whether Mr. Falahee would accompany her in the direction of which they had been speaking the day before.

"Oh, certainly," was Mr. Falahee's reply—"unless she is afraid of meeting the *Boody-man** of the Hills, for our road lies by Castle-Hamond. He'd eat us up in one bit for being of real gentlemanly race, I suppose; or having

* Analogous to *Green-sleeves* in England.

blood in our veins, as Terry Lenigan says. They say he hates anybody that has got a decent coat on his back, and detests any finery—especially in the fair sex," he added, glancing satirically at the gold chain and cross which encircled the neck of his daughter, "as much as sin itself."

"More, may be, papa," minced out Miss Falahee—"he's a great, rude, good-for-nothing fellow, I'll engage."

"You'd engage what would be very wrong, my dear," said her father. "Mr. Lynch, who is his clergyman as well as ours, assures me that a more charitable, meek-tempered, religious, excellent man does not exist within the precincts of his parish; and that his single infirmity which appears to have been occasioned by some dreadful misfortune in early life, is solely the defect of his brain; and that, moreover, it is the constant object of all his exertions to acquire a conquest over himself in this respect. You heard what Terry

Lenigan himself said about his conduct to the poor in his neighbourhood, during the fever that raged last summer."

Miss Falahee's reply was cut short by the appearance of a dashing young horseman before the windows. He curbed in the animal gracefully, as he came on the gravel-plot—made a flourishing salute with his hazel switch, as he passed the window at a pretty, mincing trot, and finally dismounted at the hall door.

"There goes another real gentleman," said Mr. Falahee; "the wren-boys were mistaken in supposing they should find Mr. Charles at home. Come, prepare your smiles and your graces now, Mary."

"For shame, papa—you make one blush so! I wish you'd speak to him, gran'ma."

The door was opened before the old dowager could have complied, and in walked a tall, sharp-faced, long-nosed, foolish-handsome young man, looking like a preserved London street-dandy, of the third or fourth

year preceding, and carrying the similitude into his manner and accent; which last was a strange compound of the coarsest Munster brogue, and the most oriental cockney dialect—the latter being superadded during a residence of a few years at the house of a friend who possessed a wharf somewhere between the Minories and Wapping. All this, however, passed for the purest Attic among many of his home friends, and was very instrumental in gaining him the heart of the simple young maiden who now rose with all the pretty, panting, palpitating eagerness of unbounded admiration, to receive him.

"Haw! how aw ye, Mistaw Falahee? How d' do, maum? Haw, Mary," he added, extending his hand to his timid, shrinking, and smiling love, with an air of patronage and encouragement, and twice shaking the tips of her fair fingers, "how d' do, my garl? Be sated, pray." Then throwing himself into an easy chair, extending his legs to their furthest

limit on the carpet, pulling up his peaked and polished shirt-collar, to the imminent danger of the tip of his nose, smoothing down his lofty black silk stock, and whisking some dust from the lappel of his green quaker-cut coat with the fingers of his glove—"A foine, smawt mawnen, Mistaw Falahee," he proceeded, "I just called in to ask if you were all aloive here."

"Going to course, I suppose?"

"Whoy, yes—oy b'lieve—though the ground is rawther hawd—No mattaw!" switching his boots, and in the action drawing the rod within an inch of Mary's blue eyes. "Oy'll go aisy enough. I'm cocked."

"Cocked or no, Charles, I wish you would stay with us to-day. I have a great deal to do—and Miss O'Brien wants some person to squire her about."

The long countenance of Mr. Charles Lane became still longer at this request; for, by some unaccountable means this worthy lady

had acquired a strange and disagreeable influence over him—the influence which all persons of real rank and elegance, at all times, possess over the vulgar pretender to fashion. The young dandy Munsterman found that a spell was cast upon him the moment he entered Miss O'Brien's presence. His "aws" and his assurance invariably failed him. He spoke little—kept his legs in—buttoned up his side-pockets—stole the flaming yellow silk handkerchief out of sight—and, in a word, kept the dandy as much in the back-ground as possible. In vain did he make many strenuous efforts to shake off this secret yoke which the good lady had, quite unconsciously, cast upon him; his struggles (like those of his country) served only to make him feel the weight of his fetters the more severely. In vain did he loll in his chair, pass his fingers about his long and curling hair, and endeavour to swagger himself into a degree of ease and confidence—a single glance sufficed to re-

call him to a still more confused sense of inferiority and mental servitude.—In vain did he, when alone, pish! and pooh! at the wrinkled old maid, as in the malice of his heart he *rather* unjustly termed her.—In vain did the lady herself (whenever, indeed she thought of the gentleman at all) endeavour by the most winning sweetness and kindness of manner to place him on good terms with himself—nothing could overcome his awe and his dislike.—What puzzled and surprised him a great deal, moreover, was, that Mary, who stood quite as much in awe of him as he did of Miss O'Brien, was always perfectly easy and self-possessed in the presence of that formidable lady; so much so, as frequently to fail in the respect which was certainly due from the one to the other.

Notwithstanding all this consciousness, however, and although Mr. Lane felt himself never so uncomfortable as when he was in the presence of Miss O'Brien, an odd kind of infatua-

tion made him constantly seek opportunities to throw himself in her way, always promising himself (what every day's experience told him was not to be fulfilled), that he would find some means or other of impressing her with the conviction that he was her "equal." Every attention, in consequence, which she condescended to shew him (utterly ignorant, in the simple singleness of her good heart, of the queer kind of civil war she occasioned in his breast), while it confused and abashed him, did not fail to flatter his vanity; and now, although the tremendous proposition of riding out actually alone with the great personage at first startled and alarmed him, it was not difficult to prevail on him to sacrifice the day's hunting to this opportunity of displaying himself under so many advantages (for he was the best horseman in the country) to the eyes of a person, whose approbation appeared to be of more consequence to him than that of the whole world besides.

He assented, therefore, to Mr. Falahee's arrangement; and thrusting his gloves and the handle of his whip into his hat, took his seat in a more permanent form by the blazing fire, and commenced playing at hot-hands with Mary, until Miss O'Brien should be ready to set out.

We will leave the happy pair in the enjoyment of their intellectual pastime, and follow the Wren-boys, who, having by this time been made somewhat merry by the good treatment they had received at the houses of several other gentlemen, are likely to furnish us with a greater fund of adventure.

They had by this time arrived at an avenue gate, which, from the wildness and singularity of its situation, appeared to constitute the approach of one of the older and more secluded seats which were used by the gentry of the country. The entrance consisted of two massive cut stone piers, surmounted by a pair of battered eagles, and supporting a heavy

wooden gate, which was simply fastened in the centre by a loop of hay rope tied to one jamb and thrown over the other. The avenue, which was so overgrown with grass, brambles, and dog-fennel as to leave little more than the footpath visible in the centre, seemed to intimate either that the mansion to which it led was the property of an absentee, or that it was the residence of some person who was not anxious to enter into the strife of emulative hospitality with the gentry in his neighbourhood.

"Castle-Hamond? Here it is!—*Will* we go up, boys?" asked one of the party.

"I say, no!" exclaimed the Buhal Droileen —whose aristocratic spirit had been rendered still more overtopping than ever by the inspiration of the many sparkling glasses he had tasted since he had first broached his sentiments while Davy broached his cider—"The Wran won't show himself to any but a raal gintleman to-day."

"Poh! what is it after all—Is'nt he as good as old Falahee if you go to that of it—and he keeps, Remmy O'Lone tells me—that's his own man—the best of every thing—and has a full purse moreover. And he's a Cromwaylian, any way.*"

"*Is* he a Cromwalian?" inquired the refractory wren-boy, trying to steady himself, and moved to a hesitation rather by the prospect of Mr. Hamond's good cheer than by the new point of genealogy that was made out for him. "Can you make it out that he's a Cromwaylian?"

"Sure the world knows it, and many says he's one o' the Bag-and-Bun† men, too."

"Oh—then the Wran will pay him his compliments. Come along, boys." And staggering toward the gate, which he opened after making

* The descendants of those who came over with Cromwell.

† The descendants of those who landed at Bag-and-Bun with Richard Fitzstephens, the first British invader of Ireland.—Thus the adage—

"At the creek of Bagganbun,
Ireland was ylost and wonne."

several efforts to ascertain the precise geography of its fastening, he led the way, shouting and singing by turns, along the mossy and rarely trodden avenue.

In a few minutes they had marshalled themselves before the house (a ruined building, the greater number of the windows of which were broken, stuffed with newspapers, pieces of blackened board, and old clothes), and set up a new stave of their traditional anthem.

"Last Christmass-day I turn'd the spit,
I burn'd my finger—(I feel it yet)—
A cock-sparrow flew over the table,
The dish began to fight with the ladle—
The spit got up like a naked man,
And swore he'd fight with the dripping-pan;
The pan got up and cock'd his tail,
And swore he'd send them all to jail!"

The merry-makers, however, did not receive so ready a welcome at Castle-Hamond as they had done at most other houses. The chorus died away in perfect silence, and the expectant eyes of the singers glanced from casement to casement for several minutes, but no one ap-

peared. Again they raised their voices, and were commencing—

"The Wran!—the———"

—when a bundle of newspapers was withdrawn from a broken pane, and in their place a head and arm made their appearance. It was a hatchet-face, with a pair of peeping pig's-eyes set close (like a fish's) on either side—the mouth half open, an expression of mingled wonder and curiosity depicted on the features—and a brown strait-haired wig, which time had reduced to a baldness almost as great as that of the head which it covered, shooting down on each side, like a bunch of rushes, toward the shoulders.

"Good morrow, Mr. Remmy," said the young man who had advocated the title of the proprietor of Castle Hamond to the homage of the Wren—"we 're come to pay our compliments to the master."

"Whisht! whisht! dear boys!" exclaimed the head, while the arm and hand were waved toward them in a cautionary manner.

"Poh, what *whisht?* Let him give us something like a gentleman, and we'll whisht as much as he pleases."

"Are ye tired o' ye'r lives? He's like a madman all night. There's nothen for ye."

"D'ye hear what he says, as if it was to a beggarman he'd be talken? Go along in—take your head out o' that, Remmy, if you love it. Nothen for us!—Take your head out o' that, again! if you haven't a mind to lave it after you—and no great prize 'twould be to the man that would get it in lose after you, either."

"It may be a very bad one," said Remmy O'Lone, "and an ill-looking one enough may be, but I'd look a dale droller widout it for all that."

"Well, an' are we to get nothen for the Wran? Is that the way of it? Come, boys, one groan for the old miser—"

"Whisht! agin! O boys, for shame! Well, aisy a while and I'll see what's to be done.

But don't make a noise for your lives, for he did'nt lave his room yet."

Remmy withdrew his head from the window, replaced the newspapers, and walked in a meditative way along a dark flagged hall leading to many of the principal sleeping chambers of the old mansion. He paused near one of the doors, and after many gestures of agitation and distress, he tapped softly with the knuckle of his forefinger upon the centre pannel, bending his ear toward the key-hole to ascertain as much as possible of the effect which his intrusion produced.

"Who's there?" was asked in a tone of some vexation.

"Are you awake, sir?" said Remmy, in a soft and conciliating accent, such as a man might use in making acquaintance with a fierce mastiff.

"If I were asleep, do you think I'd ask the question, Remmy?"

"Wisha then, no, surely, sir," said the man,

"I dun know what come over me to ask *my* question."

"Well, what's the matter now?"

"Come to see you they are, sir."

"Who, man?" was asked in some little alarm.

"The Wren-boys, sir."

"The Wren-boys!"

"Yes, sir, in regard o' Saint Stephen."

"The Wren-boys come to see *me* in regard of Saint Stephen!" was repeated in a slow and bewildered tone.

At the same time the party without, a little impatient at Remmy's delay, recommenced their noisy harmony—

> *"The Wran—the Wran, the king of all birds,*
> *Saint Stephen's day was caught in the furze—*
> *Although he's little ——"*

The strange disturbance seemed to aggravate the wrath of the secluded tenant of the chamber —— "What's all this din, you ruffian?" he said to Remmy in a furious tone.

"Themselves that's singen it, sir."

"What? who are they, sir?"

"The Wran-boys."

"The Wren-boys again! Who are the Wren-boys? what the plague do they come clattering their old pans and kettles here for? What do they want, Remmy?"

"Money I believe, sir, and liquor."

"Money and liquor! From whom, pray?"

"E'then from your honour—sure 'tisn't from the likes o' me they'd be expecten it?"

"Why, are they creditors of ours, Remmy?"

"O not they, sir, one of 'em—sure yourself knows *we* owe no money. But they want a little by way of a compliment in regard o' Saint Stephen."

"Saint Stephen! Why, what the mischief, I ask you again, have I to do with Saint Stephen?"

"Nothen, sure, sir, only this being his day, whin all the boys o' the place go about that way, with the wran, the king of all birds, sir, as they say, (bekays wanst when all the birds

wanted to choose a king, and they said they'd have the bird that would fly highest, the aigle flew higher than any of 'em, till at last whin he could'nt fly an inch higher, a little rogue of a wran that was a-hide under his wing, took a fly above him a piece and was crowned king of the aigle an' all, sir), tied in the middle o' the holly that way, you see, sir, by the leg, that is. An old custom, sir. They hunted it this mornen, and stoned it with black-thorn sticks in regard o' Saint Stephen. That's because he was stoned be the Turks himself, sir, there's a great while there sence. With streamers and ribbins flyen about it. Be the leg they tie it in the middle o' the bush within. An' they sing that song that way for the gentlemen to give them a trate, as it were, 'Get up, ould 'oman, an' give uz a trate,'—or, 'get up—fair ladies—'—or—'we hope your honour,' as the case may be, all in regard o' Saint Stephen. And they dressed out in ribbins, with music, an' things. Stoned be

the Turks, he was; Saint Stephen, long ago. Bad manners to 'em (an' sure where's the good o' wishen 'em what they have before?) whereever they are, for so doen. 'Iss indeed, sir."

"So I am to understand from you that a number of young men come to demand money from me, because they got up this morning and hunted a little wren, tied it in the middle of a holly-bush, and stuck a parcel of ribands on the boughs. Is that the utmost extent of their claim on me?"

"O then, Lord help uz!" said Remmy, greatly perplexed—"if one was to go to the rights o' the matter, that way, sarrow a call more have they to you, I b'lieve, sir."

"Well, then, let those gentlemen take their departure as soon as they please. They shall seek their reward elsewhere, for it is an exploit which I am incapable of appreciating."

"O sir, sure you wouldn't send them away without any thing, to disgrace us?"

"Go along, sir, and do as you are directed."

"Well, well, to be sure, see what this is," Remmy O'Lone muttered in great distress, as he paced reluctantly along the hall, revolving in his mind the manner in which he should most palatably announce this disagreeable intelligence to the crowd without. They were preparing to renew the chorus when he opened the massive hall-door, and proceeded to address them. As his master had not permitted him to gratify his auditors in the substantial way, Remmy thought the least he might do, was to take what liberties he pleased with the form and language of the refusal.

"Boys," said he, "Mr. Hamond is in bed, sick, an' he desired me to tell ye that he was very, very sorry intirely that he had nothen to give ye. He desired his compliments, an' he's very sorry intirely."

"I knew he was a main wretch!" exclaimed the wren-boy—"He a Cromwaylian—he Bag-an'-Bun! Bag an' baggage! O, 'pon my word, he's a great neger."

"Houl your tongue, I tell you, Terry Lenigan," said Remmy. "Don't anger me, I'd advise you."

"Remmy, would you answer one question," said Terry, "an' we'll be off. Who is it milks Mr. Hamond's cows?"

To understand the point of this query, it is necessary the reader should be informed that, in consequence of Mr. Hamond's allowing no dairy woman a place in his establishment, which was solely composed of Remmy and his old mother, a false and invidious report had been circulated that the office alluded to in the last speech (which in Ireland is looked upon as exclusively womanish and unworthy of the dignity of man), was fulfilled by no less a personage than the redoubtable Remmy O'Lone himself. This disgraceful charge, though frequently and indignantly rebutted, was the more maliciously persevered in, as it was found to answer its chief object not the less effectively—that of irritating the temper of its subject, and furnishing the

spectators with what Hobbes would call a spectacle exceedingly gratifying to their vanity—a man in a state of comically passionate excitation. It lost nothing of its usual force by its total unexpectedness at the present moment.

Remmy plunged forward toward the speaker, then remained fixed for a few moments in an attitude minative of offence—the consummation of his desires being checked by a rapid and almost involuntary reflection on the little glory he would be likely to reap from an engagement in which the odds would be so awfully against him. Then suddenly recollecting himself, he stood erect, putting his little finger knuckle between his lips, and blew a whistle so shrill and so loud, that the echoes of the broken hills which surrounded the castle,—and in the fine phrase of the Spanish poet, stood aloft in their giant stature, ruffling their foreheads against the morning sun,* returned the unwonted

* —— Este Monte eminente
Que arruga al Sol en seño de su frente.

sounds in an hundred varied tones. This was not the response, however, which Remmy ambitioned, so much as the yelling of a leash of beagles, who presently made their appearance, though not in time to do any considerable damage amongst the aggressors, who retreated in double quick time, making such a din as no power of language that the writer possesses could possibly convey to the reader.

"I'll not be able to stand this long, mother," said Remmy, as he returned to the kitchen, where old Minny O'Lone was quietly seated by the breakfast-table, making as rapid progress as her toothless jaws would permit her to do, through the reeking mountain of sleek-coated potatoes and virgin-white milk that covered the board.—"My master an' I'll never agree together, I see that, an' if I once get my charácter from him, I'd cut my stick to-day before to-morrow, that's what I would.—See what this is! A decent, well commended, notable lad with as much papers in charácters

in me chest as 'ud be the maken of a grocer if he got it for waste-paper—a lad with as strait an' round a leg," he added, extending one which certainly (notwithstanding Remmy's wig) justified the commendation—"as ever stood in white cotton on a dickey—and I don't care whose the other is—a leg that never thought 'twould be forced to mount a brogue again any way; here am I now, in the flower o' my days, cook, ostler, groom, herdsman, goorson, gard'ner, steward, an' all, in this old box pitched up on the top of a hill, and shaking to every blast o' wind like a straw upon the waters—as bad as the Darbyshire stone that me master an' meself seen once in our travels in foreign parts, sarven a man that has such quare ways—disgracen himself an' all belongen to him. There 'll be a holy show med of us with the Wran-boys. I set the dogs after 'em—for——that's more of it, too. Another job they give me, as if I hadn't enough."

The ringing of a bell cut short the train of Remmy's murmurings.

"That's for his tay, to have it ready for him," said he, stirring the fire and arranging the kettle, "if he wasn't so sickly (an' a body doesn't know the time he'll go)—an' there's no sayen what sort of a will he has made, but if Remmy O'Lone isn't high in the sheepskin, Mr. Hamond is not the man he ought to be. Sure he has no rilations, an' if he had itself what are they, only as you may say, the casual gifts o' forten, whereas, a good sarvant is a man's own choice, that ought to be esteemed according."

"How do you know will the master ever die?" said the mother.

"Eh?"

"How do you know is it himself that's there at all? When he got the sickness that was goen last summer, by being so mooch in the houses o' the poor people, do you know what I done? I tuk a bit o' the——but it's a

sacret—the herb they say that tells for life or death by boiling it in a skillet, and if it turns green, the man recovers, if black, he dies surely—an' I put it down here on the fire about the dead o' night, when ye were all in bed, an' he was just drappen off in his crisis—despaired of be the doctors, and I looked into the skillet by'n-by, and sure there it was, no change at all in it, only just the same colour it was when I put it down."

"O that's all nonsense—poh! that's ye're shooperstishons," said Remmy, whose travels with his master had taught him to despise the legends of his native soil, at least in outward appearance and in the day-time. "If it wasn't himself, do you think he'd be so wild when he hard o' Miss Emily's misforten. O, the poor lady! Ah, mother, that was the real lady—Heaven rest her, this day! 'Twas she that had the open hand to the poor servant—an' she'd slip it into your hand as soft as if she didn't feel herself given it into your hand that way—

an' she looken another way, or may be smilen at you an' sayen, 'Remmy, I gev you a dale o' throuble this while back,'—or 'Remmy, here's a keep-sake for you,' with a voice that would raise the very cockles o' ye'r heart with its sweetness. And such a fine proud step with her for all! An' the way she used to walk along," Remmy continued, standing up and forgetting his half-peeled potatoe in his enthusiasm, while he imitated the action he described—"springen off the ball of her little foot and looken out from under her eye-brows as if it was out of the clouds she come. An' to think, mother," he added standing erect and staring on the old woman—"to think that all that should go for nothing! The match made—the wedden fixed—the day coom a'most all but one—the favours given out—the gloves sent round—the bride-cake baked—the dresses both for herself and himself finished off—the music ready—the priest at hand—the frinds *convanient*—and hoop! whisk!" Remmy con-

tinued, slapping both hands together with a loud report, and then tossing them up to their furthest extent over his head to express suddenness—"all gone! as you'd puff the down off a clock!* Slap! as if you rubbed your eyes an' saw the saa where that mountain is overright us. Whack! no more sign o' the whole affair than of a sperrit that 'ud vanish, you 'd think!—She was a high lady in her time—low enough she lies now. The pace an the light of heaven lies with her where she lies, for ever!"

And having unburthened his heart by this panegyric, Remmy resumed his place and his toil at the breakfast-table.

* The seed bud of a common weed so called.

CHAPTER II.

I know not what the matter is, but I am grown very kind and am friends with you—You have given me that will kill me quickly, but I'll go home and live as long as I can.

BEAUMONT *and* FLETCHER.

DETESTING from our hearts all unnecessary mystery, which is no less repulsive in a narrative, we apprehend, than in the transactions of social life, we shall proceed to lay before the reader, a few events in the life of the proprietor of Castle Hamond, in the course of which, he will find an explanation of the allusions contained in Remmy's last oration.

It will be needful, moreover, that we take the reader for a short time out of Munster, the general scene of action which we have se-

lected for the conduct of these histories; promising him, that as we tread but tenderly on other ground, the period of our absence shall be limited to as brief a space as may suffice to make him comprehend the chain of the story.

There are no classes of beings, either in the social or natural world, so distinctly separated one from the other, that an intermediate species may not be observed partaking of the nature of both, and generally combining their least tolerable peculiarities. These amphibious monsters are generally found, in social life, to consist of the vain and the vulgar; and I believe there is no country in the world where a class of persons may not be observed who stand thus between humble and "respectable" life—drawing the external fopperies and gaudiness of the one over the coarseness of the other, and hanging like the link of an ill-favoured chain between the two diamonds, simplicity and refinement. Disowned by the class to

which they would aspire, and disliked by that which they have deserted, these people would lead very miserable lives, if it did not happen providentially enough that they are burthened with no inconvenient quantity of feeling, and find in the gratification of their vanity, a happiness more than commensurate to the gratification which they *ought* to receive from the repulsive scorn of those above, and the insolent reproaches of those below them. In this genus may be classed the long array of coarse faces that one finds astray in Leghorn bonnets —the splay feet in silk stockings—the half-educated pretenders in conversation, who steer a clear course between the natural wit of the lower and the fine taste and acquirement of the higher orders—the shock heads that have discarded the lowly felt, and glisten in beaver—all, in short, that is tawdry, and coarse, and flippant in society.

It does not always happen, nevertheless, that the individuals whom fortune, not choice, has

thrown into this class, are totally destitute of sensibility, and when the contrary is the case, the reader (possessing a due proportion himself) may easily imagine how much more acute it is rendered by the absence of sympathy consequent on its very rarity. This was the situation, in early life, of the hero of our tale, and it was rendered still more distressing by the natural disposition of the man, which was so morbidly sensitive, that it would have required much care, and a vigorous exertion of mind in any station to save him from the perils of disgust and misanthropy.

The nearest relative of his own that Eugene Hamond had been ever acquainted with, was an old man—a second-cousin of his father's—who returned to his native isle (with a fortune made of sugar and tobacco in the Illinois), just in time to see poor Hugh made an orphan, and to grant the dying request of his father, that he would see the child taken care of—a promise which he made with an ill grace and

performed with a worse. This old fellow was one of those selfishly generous beings who confer a favour for their own sakes alone—and while they mingle so much ungracious rudeness with their liberality, as to make it a pain, not a pleasure to the receiver, yet look for as warm and abundant a show of gratitude as if the gift were not entirely a selfish action. A *show* of gratitude, we say, for as it is a gaudy vanity which prompts the benefit, so an ostentatious gratitude will amply suffice to repay it. The old man possessed not the silent feeling of generosity in himself, and had no faith in the silent gratitude of his young protegé. The shy temper of the latter recoiled from the blazonry of affection which was thus required from him—and moreover felt it wearisome and annoying to be constantly reminded of benefits which had been conferred on him at an age when he was incapable of appreciating the consequences of laying himself under an obligation, and of course could exercise no election in the matter. Old

Hamond had been an enthusiast in his youth, and had left home with the hope of procuring in a distant land the means of rendering himself respected and beloved in his own. No person could have set out with kinder or more affectionate intentions—but their performance was fixed for a period too remote, and (as is, we fear, only too frequently the case with young adventurers) he conceived himself entitled, on the strength of his ultimate designs, to omit all those intermediate and minor attentions to his friends at home, which duty, gratitude, and affection demanded from him. "It is no matter," he would say to himself, when the post brought him a letter full of gentle murmurings and affectionate reproaches from a mother who loved him well, and whom he loved in turn, taxing him with a long series of letters unacknowledged, and fondness apparently forgotten—"It is no matter, I am getting on rapidly here —'Twill be only a few years more, and I'll have a fortune made here—and *then* I'll shew

my mother that she mistakes my character; that it is not for myself only I am toiling—and that she has not been forgotten as she supposes. I'll return to her with the means of increasing her comfort, and that will be a better proof of my love than a mere string of empty words, which can answer no good purpose but that of putting half-a-crown into the King's pocket.—Besides, I will answer this letter, at any rate, *to-morrow*." And then he would apply himself more vigorously to business than ever—he would overwork his slaves—seek new connexions, and swifter means of profit—new wealth would flow in—his hope would become brighter—his wishes would swell with his prosperity—he would no longer content himself with the prospect of rendering his parents comfortable in their station—he would lift them above it. They should become the envy of the country side. His father should be a gentleman and his mother a lady. He would buy out Mr. Moore's estate (a ruined, mortgaged property),

and give it to his father. They should cut the Ryans out of the field, and distance the Heaveners—the most rapidly improving Palatines in the country. In the midst of these day-dreams a letter of fresh complaints would appear like a spectre before his eyes—to pass away and be forgotten in a similar manner. The renewal of those charges, however, could not but disturb him; and while he could not shut up the ears of his heart to the reproaches of his own conscience, he endeavoured to shift his vexation from his own neglect, to what he was pleased to term the importunity of his friends; and making as much account of his intentions, as if they were benefits actually conferred, he began to treat those latter with as much ill-temper, as if he were suffering under some considerable injustice. The longer he delayed writing, the more impressed he became with the belief that some more substantial apology than a mere statement of facts would be required from him, and he had not

yet contented himself with the extent of his property. All communication, therefore, shortly ceased between them. In the selfishness of his own heart, he had vilely undervalued the sterling worth of human nature altogether; he considered not how much more precious to the heart of a fond mother would be one token of affection, one word, one remembrance from an absent child, than if he could pour out the wealth of all the nations at her feet.

He did not consider this, neither did it once occur to him that any change could have taken place at home, while time was laying its white hand upon his own head in a foreign clime. He was astonished, therefore, to find, on returning (with a fortune sufficient even to satisfy his own longing) to his native village, that while he had been revolving a fine scheme for the elevation of his parents, death had laid them low in the grave. They had died in want, and left their son no blessing.

What was he now to do with the heap of

yellow trash which he had been forty years in amassing?—It lay, a dead weight, upon his hands. Mr. Moore, the Ryans, and the Heaveners, the objects of his love and his envy, were alike vanished from the face of the soil—and he turned in disgust and impatience from the crowd of new faces that stared upon him from the haunts of his boyhood. The only one of his old companions that remained was the father of our hero, and *he* tarried no longer than just sufficed to tell him the manner of his parents' death, and to place in his hands the child he was about to leave otherwise utterly destitute.

This little relic of his father's house was not prized by the old man so highly as might have been expected. It was a long time before old Hamond could bring himself to look upon the boy in any more tolerable light than that of an usurper, who had suddenly darted upon him and snatched away the prize which he had treasured up for dearer friends. In the process

of time, however, the gentleness and docility of the child won somewhat upon his regard; and we have already seen the manner in which his awakened kindness began to expend itself. His still unextinguished vanity, moreover, had a large share in the motives which occasioned Eugene's good fortune. As he could no longer make ladies and gentlemen of his dead friends, he determined to do as much as his fortune would enable him to accomplish in that way with respect to his protegé. But he took especial care that no benefit was ever conferred, without making the latter as perfectly sensible, as words could render him, of its extent and munificence; and while he thus dragged, as it were, from the heart of the latter, a timid and hesitating expression of the burning gratitude which he felt, he was naturally dissatisfied with the faltering manner of the boy, whose excessive timidity of disposition rendered him very unwilling to enter into a perfect confidence and intimacy with a nature so coarse,

so ungentle, and so unlike his own. What we are endeavouring, but very faintly, to convey to the reader in narrative, may, however, be much more clearly laid before him, by transcribing a scene which took place between our hero and his benefactor, on an occasion when the latter formed the resolution of removing to Dublin, for a few years—as much (but this he reserved to himself) for the purpose of relieving his own eyes from the sight of objects which were to him all tinged with the gloom of some mournful recollection, as with the intention of completing the education of his young heir and relative.

He had been meditating, during the morning, on the benefit which the latter would receive from the measure he was about to adopt, and had placed the gratification of his own wishes so much out of sight, that he presently persuaded himself that nothing but Eugene's advantage was influencing him in the step; and he was in consequence wrapt into a per-

fect admiration of his own munificence when the youth entered the room, his face glowing with exercise, and a small hurly and ball in his hand. As is generally the case with all morose people when they have brought themselves to resolve upon a liberal action, his heart warmed toward the object of it, and he held out his hand with a smile of readier kindness than usual, and beckoned him toward the sofa, where he sat in his long brown great coat and Leghorn hat, with a Havannah cigar half-burnt in his mouth.

"Come here, Hugh, my lad—give me your hand, Sir. Ha!—what have you been at, child? You're like my poor mother in the eyes, I guess, you are."

"Playing goal, Sir, I was—with little Remmy O'Lone."

"Remmy O'Lone! Fie, you grovelling little animal, that's no companion for you. Was that what I have been toiling and moiling for these forty years, scraping and saving, up early

and late, working and wearing the flesh off my bones, and all for your benefit. Eh? Sir?"

A pause.

"To have you spend your time playing goal with Remmy O'Lone! Come here, Hugh. Is there any thing you are in want of now?"

"N—o—no! Sir," said Hugh, hesitating between his fear of giving offence by a refusal and accepting an unnecessary obligation; for youth as he was, he had already begun to discover the inconveniencies of the latter course.

"Because if you do, Hugh, you know you have nothing to do but to command me.—What have I all this wealth for but for your use? What have I been struggling and labouring for during my whole life but for your benefit? And you are welcome to it, Hugh, as welcome as if you were my own child, for you are a good lad, Hugh, you are."

"I declare—I'm greatly obliged to you, uncle——"

"Pah! now, that's what I hate! Do you

think 'tis thanks I'm looking for, Sir?"—"Come here to me, what do you think I'm going to do for you now, guess?"

Hugh looked pained and puzzled.

"You are now fifteen years of age—I have expended more money on your edication than was ever spent in the *raising* of any of your family before. I have given more for books and other *notions* for you than would have bought a *bunch* o' niggars. Now I'm going to take you to Dublin to finish your edication, *slick-right-away*."

The blood rushed into Hugh's cheek, and he was about to utter an exclamation of gratitude and delight—but recollecting how he had been checked for doing so the moment before, he was silent.

Old Hammond stared upon him. "Why you don't seem to like this, Hugh, you don't."

"Oh yes, Sir—I do, indeed—but——"

"But what?"

"Nothing, Sir."

"Nothing!—Are these my thanks? No matter. Very well, Sir. No, I won't hear any thing from you now. Go along to your own room. Very well, Hugh!"

Too delicate to expose to the possibility of a repulse the warm feeling of gratitude which he was conscious of possessing, Eugene left the room to fret and chafe in the solitude of his own chamber—blaming himself for his awkward manner—full of agony at the thought of the cold impression which he left on his uncle's mind—and never once dreaming of questioning a statement which had been constantly dinned into his ear from the time when first that organ became capable of exercising its function, that his advantage was the *cause* and not the *consequence* of all his uncle's toil and labour. His uncle was not so blind to the distinction, but he had shut his eyes to it a long time, and at length began to believe that it no longer existed.

Scenes, similar in their tone and issue to

the above, were almost of daily occurrence during their residence in the metropolis.—Had Eugene *felt* towards his benefactor the indifference with which he was constantly charged, he might have led a pleasant, easy life; but his temper, becoming every day more and more morbid and irritable by the recurrence of those annoying *demêlés*, left him not a moment's peace. Very often, too, he imputed to his uncle an acuteness of feeling equal to his own, and estimating the resentment of the former at finding or believing himself treated with ingratitude, by what his own would be in a similar case, he thus learned to make pity for the old man constitute at least half his misery; a thing that he would not have done had he been able to see that old man's heart. By some means, however, it unfortunately happened that the two relatives never happened to fall into the same state of feeling at the same time. When Eugene would come into his uncle's presence in a morning, after meditating, through a long

and feverish night, on the part he had acted in some quarrel the evening before, and forcing himself at length into the conviction that the fault lay on his own side—that his uncle *was*, as he had often declared himself to be, the best possible uncle that nephew ever had; when he entered the room, we say, in the morning, with a penitent face, and a heart anxious to unburthen itself at the feet of his benefactor, he would be surprised by some dry, every-day observation; or perhaps some jest, which shewed him that the affair which lay so heavily upon his mind, and heated and broke his slumbers, was as totally forgotten by the other, as if they had parted the night before the best friends in the world. The next morning, perhaps, on the contrary, when he would enter the breakfast-parlour with a light heart and merry eye, overflowing with love for his uncle and for all the world, he would find the former cold, distant, and reserved—they would join hands with a silent stare—and Eugene would

find himself compelled to eat his bread once more in the bitterness of dependence. The misunderstanding was thus prolonged to agony.

A heavy, dreary chain had been wound about the young man's spirit, which he toiled and toiled to rend asunder, but found too potent for his strength. Frequently, in the ardour of his indignant heart, when he approached that age at which the thirst for independence begins to warm in a young man's breast, the idea of flinging himself abroad upon the world, and taking his fortunes boldly and manfully upon his own unshackled hands, would dart across his mind; and he would catch at it, with all the elastic readiness of youthful hope, when the deep and real ingratitude of the step, all his uncle's kindness towards him, the actual practical benefits he had conferred upon him, would rush in a mass before his eyes, and make him blush to think that he had for an instant placed his merely

abstract and, perhaps, peculiar feelings and distresses in opposition to them. Besides, his benefactor was now declining fast into that age when the minute attention of a really affectionate friend is most required; and even if Eugene could be base enough to leave him to meet death in loneliness and sorrow, he could not shake off the load of obligations which had already been cast upon him.

"Heaven, that sees my heart," he would frequently exclaim, pausing and extending his arms, as he paced his chamber alone in agony and irresolution, "sees that it is not meanness that binds me to this state of vile dependence. But I am caught and spell-bound. The trap was laid for my heart before it had ever beat—and until I can unravel the chain of past events and undo all that has been done, I must content myself with this hideous slavery. My dependence is my fate—is the will of heaven, immutable and irresistible, as much as my orphanage was, and

I may no more make my benefactor *not* my benefactor now, than I can call up my dead parents from their graves. O would to Heaven I could have exercised a choice at the time when he first meditated the first favour he conferred upon me. What a load of wretchedness would have been spared us both!"

Neither were Eugene's distresses so entirely fanciful or peculiar as he was willing to admit. His uncle, in seeking to place him in a rank above that in which he was born, had totally miscalculated, in his simple ignorance, the mere common expenses of the mode of life in which he had placed his nephew. He had *added up* with a slate and pencil, the sums which it would be necessary to pay for schooling, clothing, and other absolute necessaries, and imagined that the whole affair was settled when he laid apart an annual sum for those purposes. But Eugene soon found that there was much more required to enable him to appear on an equality with his new com-

panions. A thousand nameless occasions for expense, which his mechanical relative could not anticipate, nor even understand, occurred every day; and while old Hamond was constantly murmuring at home, at the drain which Eugene's gentlemanly life was opening upon his wealth, the latter found himself deserted, shunned, *cut* (that is the best word for the occasion) by all the young men into whose society he was thrown, in consequence of his inability to mingle in, and forward their various schemes of recreation and amusement in hours of leisure. He could better brook, however, to glide in the downcast solitariness of conscious poverty, through the crowds of gay and thoughtless faces that peopled this (to him) novel world, than to give his uncle occasion for additional censures—it never once occurring to him that this habit of censuring was the joy of the old man's life, and that, in truth, nothing could give him greater pleasure than to have Eugene acknowledge his de-

pendence by applying to him for assistance—as nothing was more calculated to sour his disposition, than finding himself thus compelled, as it were, to give every thing from himself, as though it were a matter of course, and not favour or generosity.

Eugene had, however, at length an opportunity of placing his character in its proper light before the eyes of his uncle. It was one of the leading foibles (perhaps, in this instance we should more correctly say, peculiarities) of the latter, to entertain a most unbounded horror and detestation of law, in whatever shape or form it was presented to his eyes—a feeling which has, of late, become almost national in certain parts of Ireland. This weakness was in him carried to so extravagant a length, that, during his residence in the Illinois, being menaced with an action by a former partner of his own (a prodigal, worthless, wretch, from whom he had separated him-with much difficulty, and with great loss),

on the ground of an unequal division of property at the dissolution of partnership, and a consequent breach of contract, he had bought him off, at a great price, without once inquiring into the law of the case—without ventnring within eye-shot of an attorney, a race of beings whom he looked upon as analogous in the American towns, to the rattle-snakes in their woods, and avoided with as much caution. His excessive timidity on this head, was frequently almost ludicrous. Although he was, on all ordinary occasions, an active, stirring, bustling man, with as much vigour, strength of understanding, and foresight, as might constitute the average proportion of those qualities among men of business in a similar rank of life, he seemed, when once placed, even by his fears alone, within the danger of a lawsuit, though on never so trivial an occasion, to be suddenly deserted by all his faculties; he would become listless and silent in the midst of his daily occupations—

his heart failed him—his spirit flagged and sunk—he would mope about his offices like a spectre—giving absent answers—speaking in a soft, whining tone, and staring about him in solitary helplessness and hopelessness of aspect. There was something comically pathetic in all his conduct on these occasions, which, while it made his best lovers smile in their own despite, compelled his very slaves, who were accustomed to his usual severity of tone and gesture, to look upon him with an emotion of pity. The profligate fellow, of whom we spake, was not long in finding out the undefended side of his partner's character, and made, as we have said, his own uses of the discovery.

Old Hamond was thus found, one evening, by his nephew, who had just returned from a solitary excursion to Howth, reclining, as usual, with one leg stretched along the sofa; a small rose-wood table drawn close to him, on which were a cigar, a lighted candle, a

glass of brandy-punch but little diminished, and an open letter. The old man was leaning back in his seat with an expression of piteous indecision on his features—a heavy perspiration upon his brow—his broad-leafed Leghorn hat pushed back upon his crown—and his loose coat wrapped more closely than usual about his person.

"Are you ill, uncle?" was Eugene's first question as he entered the room, a little startled by the sudden metamorphosis in the appearance of the latter.

"Ha!—Hugh, are you there?—Come here, —O we're ruined, Hugh—horse and foot, we are."

"What's the matter, sir?"

"Read that, O dear, Hugh—what'll we do at all? Is there no part o' the world safe?"

Hugh took up the letter and read as follows:

"Mr. Hamond, Sir,

"This comes to inform you, that I conceive myself severely ill used by your conduct in not completing our original contract, whereby I was entitled, on dissolution of partnership, to the bunch of niggers that worked eastward of the snarl of stores, on the 'bacco plantation; not one of the same, each estimated at three hundred dollars, moderate computation, being delivered, to my loss according. Wherefore, take notice, that unless present compensation be made as above, I shall take the steps necessary for the recovery of my own."

"Well, Sir," said Hugh, "is this really contained in your contract, as one of the articles?"

"It was, Hugh; but, you see, the fellow and I afterward agreed that I should keep the bunch of niggers, in lieu of their value in sugar, which he sold and appropriated to his

own use—and we did so without touching the contract; and now he insists that it has not been fulfilled, though I have paid the money twice over."

"Well, Sir! what then have you to do, but to tell him to go about his business?"

"Ay, Hugh, but he'd commence an action at once, and ruin us."

"Without grounds! Ruin himself he might, sir; but what have you to fear from an action brought by a man who has no claim?"

"Ah, Hugh, my lad, you are young in these matters; I tell you, the law is such a thing, that he'd make it out—he'd find a better claim to all I have, by only consulting a few lawyers, than I have myself. We 'll be ruin'd, that 's the fact of it."

"Then take an opinion yourself, Sir."

"Take an opinion! Consult an attorney! Let a lawyer come within my doors! Think o' something else, Hugh, do."

"Let us see how the case stands ourselves,

then. Was not the contract made in America, Sir?"

"Ay, Hugh; but this fellow had his establishment here, so that both houses were concerned in some way—I can't understand—but I know the affair can be decided here; and as every thing I have is in debentures, all but Castle Hamond, he can lay his hand upon the whole as readily as I can lift this tumbler. O Hugh!"

"Stay, Sir," said Eugene, "I will read a little on the matter for you."

He took down a volume of Blackstone, and opened at the Rights of Things. It was amusing to observe the utter helplessness, terror, and perplexity which became every minute more evident on the old man's face as his nephew plunged more deeply into the wilderness of legal technicalities; the distinctions between gifts and grants—a *chose* in action and a *chose* in possession—conventions —obligations *ex contractu* and *quasi ex contractu* —chattels real and personal—considerations

do ut des; facio ut facias; facio ut des; and *do ut facias;—nuda pacta*—contracts executed, executory, express, implied, of sale, exchange, bailment, hiring, and debt; *testes*, trusts, hand-sales, &c. &c. &c.

"Shut the book! shut the book!" he at length exclaimed, rising from the sofa and pacing up and down the room in great distress—"No, Hugh; I'll tell you how I'll manage it. That's the plainest bit of law I ever heard, that there about *A* and *B* and the flock of sheep. Suppose my debentures the flock of sheep—I myself *A*, and you *B*—Eh, Hugh? I'll make the whole over by gift to you, and so there's an end to all law, at once."

He did so—and never lifted up his head afterward. The sole pleasure of his life, that of constantly reminding his nephew of his dependence, was no longer in his power to exercise. Hugh was now his own master, and his threats and murmurings were no longer any thing more than an empty sound.

The common lot of all old uncles, as well as fathers, at length fell to the hands of Mr. Hamond. After having satisfied himself that there was no law or flaw from *Nepos* down to *Trinepotis Pronepos,* by which Eugene's claim to the debentures could be questioned, he yielded to the secret conviction, which had been long creeping into his heart, that his days were nearly numbered, and prepared to balance the great account in such wise as he might.

"It is no use, Hugh," said he, one morning after the priest had left the sick-room, and while the young man was mingling a draught by his bed-side, "I shall die now, slick-right-away. I have a long score to add up, but the Almighty that measures my time will, I hope, look mercifully on the use that is made of it. Hugh, my boy, never forget a good friend while you live—don't, Hugh—never prefer a great good intention to a little good action. If a poor friend wants a frieze coat, don't let him wait in his nakedness till you can give him a

cloak o' Manchester broad-cloth; if he cry to you for a crust o' bread, don't bid him nurse his hunger until you can boil him a terrapin. I'm dying very uneasy, Hugh—Bury me near my father and mother, and give the undertaking to my old acquaintance Dillon, since I have nothing else to leave him of my own."

"Have you not, uncle?" said Eugene, stooping over the bed, and placing on the counterpane the deed of gift, which had been in his keeping—"This parchment has served its purposes. I now restore it to you, and with it take my heart's thanks for all your kindness to me."

"Eh, Hugh?"

"O my dear uncle, I may now at least talk freely, for my heart cannot be checked any longer by the suspicion of self-interest. My father and my friend, I thank you for your care, your love, and your attention—the days that you have spent in laying plans for my advantage—the nights during which you have taken my dead mother's place by my bed-side

—for all that you have done for me, take my heart's gratitude. If ever I looked a look, or spoke a word, to displease you, I disown the eyes and the lips that gave the offence; those only are mine that are now pouring out at your feet their tears and prayers for your forgiveness."

Old Hamond was not the less pleased at this burst of enthusiasm from his young friend, because it was totally unexpected. He raised himself with difficulty in the bed, placed one hand over his eyes, as if to strengthen and concentrate the feeble and wavering power of vision which remained to them, while he reached the other to his nephew, gazing, with as much steadiness as he could command, on the glowing, open, upturned face of the young man. He dropped the deed on the floor, retaining Eugene's hand, which he pressed once or twice, saying, "You are a good lad, Hugh; you are indeed. God be with you, boy; he will, I am sure."

In less than a fortnight after this interview, in which the misunderstanding of a whole life had been cleared up so happily and *so* late, Eugene Hamond fulfilled his benefactor's last wishes, by laying him beside his parents in the churchyard of his native village.

We have now seen the many circumstances of Eugene's early life which contributed to foster and irritate the original malady of his disposition—his low birth, his early orphanage, his bruised and shattered pride, his suspected affection, his unappreciated gratitude—and his gnawing, because specious and gilded poverty. Will the reader deem it worth his while to see how such a nature, sensitive even to a perfectly morbid acuteness of perception, fared in its first contact with the contingencies of a rank superior to his own? following him into that rank, however, rather in pursuance of his individual history, than with the view of furnishing any new information respecting it.

CHAPTER III.

Clerimont.—Boy, marshall him.
Boy.—With a truncheon, sir?
Clerimont.—Away, I beseech you. I'll make him tell us his pedigree, now. BEN JONSON.

WHAT Irish fashionable life was at the period when Hamond first found himself in possession of his uncle's property (soon after the Union), is no longer a question to be solved by the Irish novelist. Few persons, we apprehend, will open these volumes who have not already been made aware of all its varieties, by a writer who was the first to put the sickle into the burthened field of Irish manners; in whose footsteps we follow, like Chaucer's gleaner, at a long interval, with fearful and hesitating pace,

casting our eyes around to gather in the scattered ears which remain after the richness of her harvest; and who, if her opportunities of observation had been as extensive as her capabilities of performance, would have left all the conditions of Irish life as little better than a stubble-field to her successors.

One observation, however, we understand, may be added to what Maria Edgeworth has already recorded of the circle of Irish fashion —that, although it is necessarily composed of far inferior materials to that of the exclusives in the sister kingdom, it is a matter of lesser difficulty for wealth to pay its way into the region in the latter than the former. Pride—mere family pride, is one of the grand national foibles which yet remain unshaken by the inroads of modern intelligence; and no internal or external wealth with which a man may be gifted in his own person, will compensate for the mental or corporeal poverty of his ancestors. This feeling (which is not

without its uses when confined within rational limits), is frequently carried beyond the bounds of absurdity, and exercises an influence among all classes, from the gaudy mob of cold starers in a castle drawing-room, to the group of frieze-coated "follyers," or clans-men, who talk over the deeds of their ancestry by a cabin fire-side. Dazzled and delighted as he was on his first introduction to a rank in which he found those refined feelings and delicate miseries of common occurrence, which in that which he had left were either not understood, or laughed at as affectation, or (worse than all) pitied, and stigmatized by the odious little of *nervous irritability*—delighted, we repeat, as he was at first sight of a mode of life so congenial to his heart, he soon found in the original sin of his low birth, an occasion of deeper and more real suffering than any which he had yet endured. In order to illustrate some of the observations which we have made, perhaps the reader will allow us to shift the scene for a few moments,

and omitting a detail of the minor occurrences which filled up the time of Eugene for some some months after his benefactor's death, introduce ourselves at once into the drawing-room of a family from whom we may learn something of his fortunes.

It was an extensive, elegantly furnished apartment, indicating rank as well as fashion and wealth. A work-table, tastefully littered with scraps of pic-nic needle-work, not substantial enough to incur the suspicion of utility —just sufficed by contrast to temper and modify the general air of leisure and luxury which pervaded the room, and to redeem from the imputation of absolute idleness, two very young ladies, whose soft white fingers escaping from the confinement of a half-handed jean glove, were wandering in busy idleness among sections of frills, laces, &c. while the fair companions, relieved from the observation of other eyes and ears, were conning over the secrets of their girlish hearts in amiable confidence. One

of them was a *blonde* of a quiet sedate carriage, almost treading on the skirts of lethargy. The other, a finely formed girl, with full black eyes, hair cut short and clustering all round the head (a fashion not yet gone out of use), a forehead on which the seal of a noble house was as distinctly set, as if the arms had been emblazoned upon it; and features which even in silence seemed to move in restless sympathy with the animation of a restless spirit. On the cover of her ivory work-box the name "EMILY BURY," was prettily inlaid, and a morocco bound prayer-book, near her companion, shewed the words—"MARTHA O'BRIEN," impressed in gold letters upon the cover.

"Well, Martha, you are a better archer than I, after all," said the dark-eyed girl—"here, while I have been toying about the target with a hundred strings looped upon my bow, you with your single one have shot the shaft and hit the very centre of the mark. So I must be your bride-maid!"

"You must not envy me, Emily."

"Envy you? you silly girl!—Hand me those scissars, please.—I pity you.—You have just done like a child that swallows its sugar-plum at a mouthful, and then cries to find it gone. The women ought to send you to Coventry, for giving up the sex's privilege. Do you think we were made only to drop like ripe peaches into a man's mouth, as he lies lazily in our shade, gaping his admiration?—to be crunched into a sober wife at the very first word!—Don't stare so, child—there's nobody listening to us."

"That's well at any rate. I must tell you a secret, Emily. Your beaux all find your pride intolerable. You are getting the name of a coquette."

"Am I?—I'm glad of it.—The wretches! They would deny us even that brief day of sovereignty—that little holiday between the drudgery of obedience to parents, and obedience to husbands. Ah, Martha, you will say

that I am a wise girl before you have worn caps with ears for many months."

"I wish Mr. O'Neil heard you."

"O he'd be delighted. He's a true Irishman. He likes a proud woman, even though her contempt should fall heaviest upon himself. There never was a man who lived so entirely upon the possessions of his friends as Mr. O'Neil. He is a poor man himself, he admits, but then he is the poorest of his own family—he is an uninformed blockhead, he will allow you, but then he has such 'bright' people, relations of his—he does not deny that he is a worthless, dissipated wretch—but all the rest of his family are so respectable and so high-minded—In fact, you would think, to hear him speak, that he was proud of being the scape-grace of his own house—the only black sheep in the fair flock of the white-fleeced O'Neil's."

"Well, there is another young gentleman, Eugene Hamond—"

"*Quere*, gentleman—"

"There again, Emily! You wonder that I should charge you with injustice—A blush?—Fie! you malicious creature! to hit me on the top of the finger with that heavy scissars!—But seriously, Emily, you use poor Hamond very cruelly. If he heard you say such a cutting thing as that last, I know but little of the gentleman, or you would *see* but little of him afterward."

"Oh, indeed, he's perfectly welcome to do what he pleases. I don't think him so vulnerable, however. I will try him a good deal farther yet. You would not suppose that underneath all that amiable timidity and embarrassment which makes him stammer in his speech —look pale and vexed—answer with a quivering lip to my common-place questions—start at my least motion—seem absent—and forget to turn my music leaves and praise my singing (for true love is scrupulous)—beneath all this, I say, you wouldn't think that I have discovered one of the proudest and most violent natures that ever made a bad husband. At the last

Tabinet ball, he had got me into a corner, and grew all on a sudden so pathetically eloquent that—I—I was about to give some queer answer, when young Lord E—— passed us, and bowed to me. I smiled of course, and turning again to Hamond, got such a look! 'Pon my honour, I'm sure I heard his teeth chattering! —O ho! my gentleman, thought I, your humble servant. You will wait for my answer until I have taught you something first—or learned more of you myself."

"But how long do you intend to make this game last, Emily?"

"Till I find myself a loser, Martha; when the pastime tires me, I may perhaps run to a corner, and be check-mated quietly. But I never will, like you, let my opponent get a scholar's game before I make three moves."

"Well, there may be danger still in all this cleverness. What if your adversary should give up the contest in despair? There are no forfeited stakes to comfort you."

"Psha! the worst he can do would be to make it a drawn game. Besides are there not plenty of people who would be happy to take up the conqueror?"

"But would the conqueror be happy to take up them?"

"No insinuations, pray. I may punish you as I have done before. But really, Martha, I have no pride, upon my honour—and the little secret I told you about Eugene the other day, might shew you I have not."

"You needn't blush so, Emily—Do you suppose I actually suspect you of such folly? I merely wished to warn you of the consequences of seeming to be influenced by it. And, once again, mark my words for it, Eugene Hamond will not bear any goading on the conscious side."

"We'll try him a little, however; you don't know him so well as you think:—Was he not greatly improved by his trip to the country?"

"He does look very well. He's one of the handsomest young men I know, really. His hair is beautiful—"

"And his eyes —"

"And such white regular teeth!—What he'd give to be listening to us now!"

"Here, Martha, you must finish your lace, yourself. I'll work no more—I must practise. Did I shew you the last song Hamond gave me?" And removing the green covering from a magnificent harp which stood near the window, she suffered it to rest against her shoulder while she ran over the prelude of a simple Irish air, previous to accompanying herself in the melody of which she had spoken. Its subject was the imaginary lament of a young Canadian emigrant over the grave of his young wife.—

I.

The tie is broke, my Irish girl!
That bound thee here to me,
My heart has lost its single pearl—
And thine at last is free—

Dead as the earth that wraps thy clay,
Dead as the stone above thee—
Cold as this heart that breaks to say
It never more can love thee.

II.

I press thee to my aching breast——
—No blush comes o'er thy brow—
Those gentle arms that once caress'd,
Fall round me deadly now—
The smiles of love no longer part
Those dead blue lips of thine—
I lay my hand upon thy heart—
'Tis cold, at last, to mine.

III.

Were we beneath our native heaven
Within our native land—
A fairer grave to thee were given,
Than this wild bed of sand—
But thou wert single in thy faith
And single in thy worth,
And thou should'st die a lonely death,
And lie in lonely earth.

IV.

Then lay thee down and take thy rest,
My last—last look is given—
The earth is smooth above *thy* breast,
And mine is yet unriven !—
No mass —— no parting rosary—
My perished love can have—
But a husband's sighs embalm her corse,
A husband's tears her grave.

A soft, hesitating knock at the hall-door startled the fair minstrel, who blushed, and fetched her breath while she half rose from the silk cushioned stool.

"'Tis his knock, indeed," said the fairer of the ladies, "His knock always says, '*Let me in, if you please*,' as plainly as O'Neil's says, 'Let me in.' 'Tis the most modest sound that was ever extracted from mere *brass*, decidedly."

"The vain fellow musn't hear me singing *his* song," said Emily hastily, turning over the leaves of her music—"What's this? Oh, a little piece of O'Neil's nonsense—that will just do—I'll vex him a little." And running a lively prelude over the strings of the instrument, she commenced an air of a very different character—in a tone of merriment not unmingled, however, with a certain degree of palpitation and embarrassment.

I.

When Love in a young heart his dwelling has taken,
And pines on the white cheek, and burns in the veins,
Say how can the reign of the tyrant be shaken—
By absence? by poverty? sickness? or chains?

II.

No—these have been tried, and the tempted has come,
Unmoved through the changes of grief and distress—
But if you would send him at once to the tomb,
You must poison his hope with a dose of —— success.

"Admirable! Excellent!" exclaimed a voice outside the door, which, opening at the same instant, gave to the view of the surprised and (so far as one was concerned) disappointed ladies, the gay and rakish person of the author of the last song.—He made a bow to Miss O'Brien, a low bow to Miss Bury, and seemed determined, as it was a rare occurrence in his life to receive a compliment, particularly from a lady, to entertain it with all the solemnity and importance of manner, which became the occasion. "Miss Bury's execution is killing,

isn't it?" he went on addressing himself with a pick-pocket smile to Miss O'Brien—

> "Such as only her musical tongue
> Could give to such numbers as mine."

"'Pon my word, Mr. O'Neil, my conscience won't permit me to let you remain in error. I assure you—I mistook your knock—"

"Now, do you hear this, Miss O'Brien?" said Mr. O'Neil, interrupting her, "here's a poor fellow that hasn't a civil word thrown to him by anybody once in a year—and—well! —well!—It reminds me of what an ancestor of mine, Sir Maurice O'Neil, said to Lord—"

"O you told us that before," said Miss Bury.

"There's more of it!—Well, whose knock did you take it for?"

"Mr. Hamond's," said Miss O'Brien.

"What Hamond? Any thing to the Hamonds of Lough-rore?—They're the only decent Hamonds I know.—A grand uncle of theirs, old David Hamond, was married to one

of the O'Learys of Morne—very good family —I recollect my grandmother saying—"

"He is no relative of theirs."

"Who then?"

"You might have seen him at the Castle."

"Eh? what?—the young Nabob? Oh, cut him by all means—he's one of the rabble—mechanic—He's only fit company for the tag-rag and bobtail of the gentry, fellows like myself, who are the disgrace of their family. *I* might take up with such a fellow for an evening, because he had money and I had none—but I would not like that any of the wealthy members of my family should tolerate him. Enough for such a vagabond as myself to be seen in such company."

"Oh you speak too hardly of yourself, Mr. O'Neil; we all know that your family is one of the best in Ireland."

"My dear ma'am, surely I know it is—and that's the reason I speak.—Why, bless you, Miss Bury, *I* have relations that wouldn't

know me in the street! Simple as I sit here, there's not one o' my family that wouldn't be ashamed to be seen speaking to me in any public place. There are few besides me have that to say. We were met, eighteen or twenty of us, at my cousin Harry's in Kerry some months since, and, I protest to you, without any bragging, boasting, or vain-glory, I was the shabbiest and the poorest of the company. Would you believe that now?"

"I could hardly believe that you take occasion for vanity out of such a circumstance."

"Vanity! my dear!—It's my pride and glory—and why not? Arn't my relations my own family? Supposing that I am at all respectable in my own person, which I grieve to say is a very doubtful case, even to those that know little of me, isn't it a great thing for me to say that there is none of my name below me? If a man deserves any additional respect on account of his family, surely the higher they are above himself the greater his acces-

sion of honour? What credit could I receive from a fellow who was below me? Ay, you laugh—as much as to say, that would be a precious lad—but doesn't it make out my point? I felt more proud the other day when my uncle Richard *cut* me at the Castle than if I had got a dukedom."

"There's the true Sosia, Emily," said Miss O'Brien, as another pattering summons, still more gentle and insinuating than that which was used by Mr. O'Neil, *en ruse*, was heard to echo through the spacious hall.

Presently after, a rich, though rather languid voice, heard in parley with the servant, proved Miss O'Brien's second conjecture right. It was Eugene Hamond. He was shewn up.

The ladies received him kindly, but for mally. Mr. O'Neil stood as straight as if a poker were substituted for his spine. It was laughable enough to observe the air of cold repressing pride with which this man, who confessed himself worthless in every respect,

and was destitute alike of mental as of corporeal advantages, stood up to receive the accomplished, elegant, and unassuming plebeian who now stood before him. Eugene did not heed, nor scarcely observe this—but the deportment of the ladies touched him more nearly. In order to make the reader perfectly enter into his feelings on the occasion, we shall shortly explain the relative position in which both parties were placed.

Eugene Hamond's determination to alter his station in life, and endeavour to naturalize himself in a rank above his own, had not been hastily considered, or resolved upon from no better impulse than that of an idle vanity. Naturally gifted with a quick eye, and ready apprehension of the peculiar tone of any grade of society into which he happened to be thrown, he required but a very brief acquaintance with the world, to enable him to discover all the difficulties and mortifications he would have to encounter in the under-

taking, and he weighed those long and seriously against the advantages which he proposed to himself from the change.

"I admit," he said with himself, as he mused by his afternoon fire, over the kindnesses and the slights which he had met with in the course of the morning—"I admit that for the interests of society in general, and for those of morality, and of religion itself, it would be much better that all men should remain in that rank in which they were born, or at least that nothing less than a developement of capabilities, absolutely wonderful, should entitle them to seek a place above their fathers. If distinctions of rank are in any degree useful or commendable, it is necessary they should be maintained even to exclusion, unless in a very few instances, when the applicant for admission brings an ample equivalent in some one great and beneficial quality to the fortuitous superiority of those whose acquaintance he cultivates.

I admit all this. But the case *is* otherwise—that system of absolute and unrelenting exclusion is not maintained—and the question is, whether my case is not peculiar enough to justify me in seeking for an additional infraction. My poor friends must not be my companions—that is clear.—The accident of my infancy—my disposition—my education—habits—all have conspired to place a wall between me and the humble life from which I sprung, which, I cannot, and would not, if I could, overleap. Circumstances have fitted me for another station, and that station is left open to me. It is true that I shall meet, as I have met, many a cold repulse in the attempt, but there are, likewise, many overbalancing delights. Those smiles, so ready, so sweet, so winning, so hearted, or seeming hearted—(and *that* for me, whose chief wish is to steer clear of the asperities of life, would answer almost as well as the sincerity itself)—so courteous and so kind—their brilliant

trifling, and refined pleasantry—are these nothing to the favoured and initiated? I will make the trial at all events—and if I fail—if the cold eyes and staring unmoved faces that glance like horrid spectres upon the path of the young and unacknowledged fashionist should multiply upon mine, why then, farewell happiness and high life, and welcome once again, my lowly cot and homely Munster village!"

He did make the trial; and he soon found that the difficulties which he had anticipated, were not so fleeting nor so easily surmounted as he thought they might be. The encouragement which he met with was much more than sufficient to have established a blunter, and less vulnerable nature, in perfect peace, in the new region—but Hamond's was one which would make no exertion for itself, while it took fire at the slightest act of neglect from others. He seemed to expect that all should agree to drag him forward in spite of himself,

and consequently made very little account of condescensions, which were estimated at a high value by those who conferred them. A hankering consciousness clung about his manner and his conversation, even in his intercourse with those families who were best disposed to receive him as an equal; and it was scarcely to be expected, that while he seemed bent upon carrying the recollection of his low origin always about him, other people should endeavour to forget it for him. Besides, it was not very agreeable to his new friends to find that they must always speak under a restraint in his presence—that they could hardly venture on a jest, or a sly speech, whatever were the subject of it, without finding Mr. Hamond's spirit all up in arms to discover whether there were any offence intended towards him. He began to feel the consequences of his suspicious and sensitive temper—people shunned him—some gently, some promptly and without apology, some in pure pity, some with marked

contempt, and some in apprehension. Then the suspicion of the truth broke upon him; he saw others of far inferior pretensions to himself, by a little assurance of manner, and an indifference to the flesh-wounds of neglect and accidental coldness, succeed in fastening themselves upon the fair eminence, on the crumbling and uncertain brink of which he was yet toiling, in the anxiety of hope and fear; and he made an exertion to imitate their example, and to assume an easy callousness of heart, until, at least, his hold should be made permanent and secure. But he miscalculated his capabilities most egregiously. A more hideous and painful spectacle, perhaps, cannot be met with in the every-day occurrences of society, than that of a person of incorrigible timidity and reserve, assuming, or attempting to assume, by absolute violence, the appearance of perfect ease and unconscious openness. If Hamond's gentle embarrassment and absence of manner, rendered

him a burthen to his companions before—his new demeanour—his strange familiarity—his queer embarrassed laugh—his ill-timed joke that made every body look serious—and his intrusive dogmatism of remark, absolutely astonished, frightened, and disgusted them. Having once convinced himself of the expediency of doing violence to his own feelings, he knew not where to stop, and on passing the boundary which his own heart prescribed to him, he trampled without discrimination, and, indeed, in absolute ignorance, upon those which custom and decency had marked out for his observance.

He was once more compelled to retire in disgrace into his natural self; and almost began to entertain thoughts of quitting the field in despair for ever, when a new and strange accident—strange to him—though of very usual occurrence in the history of the human heart—prevented or delayed his retreat. A ittled beauty had proudly declined the honour

of dancing with him at a fashionable party—and he was silently stealing through the company, with the intention of getting every thing ready for his departure for home on the next morning—when, happening to cast a hurried glance aside, he perceived, in the aperture between the conchoid of a general's nose and the rosy rotundity of a marchioness's cheek—a soft black eye, in the distance, directed full upon him, with an expression of the tenderest interest his poor forlorn heart had ever experienced since it had been cast upon the busy wilderness of fashion. There never was an eye—not in Ireland—no—not even in Munster—nor in bright-eyed Limerick itself—that did its owner yeoman's service like that one. It made as swift work of Eugene's heart as (the reader will pardon our sacrificing elegance to strength)—as a paviour's rammer might have done, It was an eye that had been following Hamond in silence throughout the evening with a kinder closeness of obser-

vation than mere commiseration might suggest; and was now, at the particular moment when it came in direct contact of intelligence with his own, filled up with the gentlest concern. On inquiry, Hamond discovered that it was the property of a lady of high birth, and (of course) fine accomplishments—her name that of the fair songstress to whom we have lately introduced our readers.

From this moment, the whole object of Hamond's life was changed. He no longer courted the patronage—nor heeded the neglect of fashion—and only stole quietly through its byways to secure himself a place at the side of her who now appeared to him to constitute its sole attraction and adornment.

"I was mistaken in it," he said in his distaste and impatience; "this proud world is not made for me—nor I for it. I will return to the condition from which I was taken, and divest myself as speedily as possible of those unhealthy luxuriances of feeling, which my poor

uncle, in endeavouring to make a forced plant of me, little calculated on producing. But before I return to the ways of plain and honest nature, I will endeavour to pluck out of this rank and unweeded garden, *that* single rose for the decoration of my humble hearth."

That little rose, however, happened to be a great deal more thorny than he apprehended. Although he was not long in ascertaining that he had made a progress in the good opinion of Miss Bury, which might have satisfied even the voracious craving of a sensitive love like his, yet there were many annoyances equally disagreeable to both parties, which mingled in the delicacies of their intimacy, and retarded that perfect union of spirit which is ever necessary to the gratification of a heart that is at all dainty in its affections. Emily had betrayed some lack of self-knowledge, when she declared to her friend Martha that she had *no* pride. She had not enough to enable her to master her passion for her plebeian lover—but

she had quite enough to feel annoyed and humiliated by the slights which were continually thrown on him and in her presence. On these occasions, when Eugene attempted to resume the conversation which had been so disagreeably interrupted, he would find Miss Bury a little reserved and lukewarm, and could sometimes trace the shadow of an inward fretting upon her brow. His own pride took fire at this, and frequent and mutual embarrassment was the result.—At length, grown absolutely weary of the gauze-paper miseries and difficulties of their flickering acquaintance, Hamond manfully made up his spirit to the resolution of dissevering or uniting their fortunes for ever.

It was with this intention he now sought an interview with her at the house of her guardian —Martha O'Brien's father.—The settled determination of his purpose had suddenly quelled all the protracted turbulence of the many impulses on which his peace had been tempest

tost for the last year, and he entered the room with a composure of eye, a steadiness of frame, and a natural elegance of address, which surprised his quick-eyed friends—and puzzled himself not a little. He thought it strange that he should thus, without an effort, acquire in a moment what he had been many months toiling to accomplish in vain—and at the moment, too, when he had resigned himself to the belief that he never should attain it.

After a few unmeaning observations on the popular topics of the day—the general mourning for Lord Nelson—the last Castle drawing-room—and other matters—Miss O'Brien, acting from the impulse of a strong fellow-feeling, proposed a turn in the garden to Mr. O'Neil, who had done nothing but sit upright and stare at Hamond's Hessian boots (Wellingtons were yet slumbering in the womb of time)—and utter a cold "Ha!" whenever the latter directed himself particularly towards his side

of the room. The genealogist obeyed the lady's summons, and bowing to Miss Bury' brushed unceremoniously by the plebeian, and left the apartment.

CHAPTER IV.

He was a wight of high renowne,
And thou art but of low degree—
'Tis pride that puts this countrye downe—
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

PERCY'S *Relics*.

"*That*," said Hamond, leaning over the back of his chair, and seeming to speak half in soliloquy, as he remained with his eyes fixed on the door—"that is one of the peculiarities—the invulnerable privileges of this polished world, which make it so miserable to me—that *finery* of insult which makes resentment appear ridiculous—and yet does not leave the insulted free from the responsibility of meanness, if he should remain quiescent. You look fretted,

Miss Bury," he added gently, but firmly, " at my humiliation, but I shall not need your commiseration long. I am about to leave Dublin."

" Leave us, Mr. Hamond !" said Emily, taken by surprise.

" Leave *Dublin*, I said," resumed Hamond.

" For any considerable time ?"

" Yes." There was an embarrassed pause of a few moments, during which, Hamond seemed to experience a relapse into his natural timidity —At length, mastering himself by a moment's reflection on the urgency of the occasion, he said :—

" If you think, Miss Bury, that we are not likely to be interrupted, I have something *very* particular to say to you—"

Emily was, as we have before said, very young, and though she frequently listened without much emotion to the fashionable rhapsodies of those who thought it fashionable to be her admirers, yet this was the first time

that she had been menaced with a methodical declaration; and from one too, so tender, so delicate, and so sincere.—She felt all the awfulness of the occasion. Her colour changed rapidly, and there was a troubled consciousness in her laugh, as she said, in assumed levity—

"No tragedy now, Mr. Hamond, let me entreat. I declare, I—"

"O come, Emily Bury," said Eugene, smiling, but with much seriousness of tone and look, "let me meet any thing but trifling now. Hear me attentively I beseech, I implore you. When we first met, I was on the point of flying for ever from a world where I had experienced little comfort, where I found nothing but taunting looks, cold and repulsive words, and haughty indifference, even from those who, like that man who just now left the room, had nothing more to allege in justification of their unkindness than——no matter. I had satisfied myself that I was wrong in ever

supposing that any circumstances could entitle a man to elevate himself above the rank in which heaven had placed him—"

"Oh, surely you were *not* wrong, Mr. Hamond," said Emily, in a tone of bashful remonstrance, "there were circumstances—your talents—your education, I should say—"

"Yes," said Hamond, "*this*, Emily, it was which detained me. I should have been long since in the retirement of my native village, but for the sweet words of encouragement with which you honoured me. Your kindness, your condescension, and——you need not blush, Emily, for it *is* true, or I would not say it—your beauty too, held me back awhile, and enabled me to endure a little longer the inconveniencies I have mentioned to you. I may have been mistaken, neverthetheless, in the motive of that kindness," he added more slowly, and with great anxiety of manner—"Do not mistake me, Miss Bury—Dearly as I prized and treasured every word and look of

kindness with which my heart was soothed, I am ready to take all the responsibility of my own inferences upon my own hands. If I must do so, let me beg of you to speak freely. I love you far too well to wish that you should make the least sacrifice for my happiness—"

"I am sure, Mr. Hamond, I—"

"Let me entreat you to be convinced of this, Miss Bury, before you speak. Pray be confident with me. You may find that I am not selfish nor unworthy, although—" Hamond added, drawing his person up proudly to its full height—"although I stooped so low to win what you withhold from me."

The manly sincerity and frankness of the young gentleman's declaration had its effect on the mind of the lady. We have not learned what were the precise terms of her reply, but its meaning was evident from the conduct of Hamond. He flung himself at her feet, and suffered his extacies to expend themselves in certain antics and grimaces, which the respect

due to the character and gravity of a hero forbids us, as his friend and historian, to expose to the public eye.

When Martha O'Brien returned, alone, to the room where she had left her friend, she found the latter pale, trembling, and thoughtful (in quite a different mood from that in which we have left her now accepted lover), her arm and forehead resting against the harp, in the manner of a weeping muse.

"Bless me! where 's Eugene Hamond gone?" said Martha, casting a sharp glance at Emily.

"Home, I believe," said the latter, seriously.

"Check-mated, I'll lay my life!"

"Nonsense, Martha, don't be foolish now."

"Scholar's mate, after all!"

"Pish! pish!" Emily said, pettishly.

"Well, how was it, Emily? What did he say to you?—do, do tell me, and I won't say a word about the 'ripe peaches,' nor the 'little

holiday,' nor the 'three moves,' nor the 'drawn game,' nor—"

"Poo! poo! I really believe your little portion of common sense is going."

"Well, there! I won't laugh again—there, now is a sober face for you—Now, tell me how it was."

"'Pon my word, Martha, I hardly know myself. I scarcely knew where I was when—I don't know—but I believe the fellow asked me to marry him—and—"

"And you——but you look paler, Emily!—you are trembling—lean on me—there—I'm sure I would not have said a word if I thought—"

The strangeness of the scene which she had gone through, the hurried manner and intense passion with which she had been addressed, the importance and seriousness of the consequences which she had drawn upon herself, only now rushed upon Emily's mind, and filled her with agitation. She drew a long,

deep sigh, and, flinging her arms around the neck of her young friend, wept aloud upon her bosom. Many of our sensible readers may wonder at all this, but every girl as young as Emily will feel that we are telling the truth.

There is a pleasure to those who are possessed of faculties microscopical enough for the investigation, in tracing up to their first cause the thousand impulses which govern the actions of that sex who are most the creatures of impulse—in winding through the secret recesses of the female heart, and detecting, in the very centre of the "soft labyrinth," the hidden feeling, whatever it is, which dictates the (to us) unaccountable caprices we are so frequently made to suffer under, and which does its work so privately that even they, the victims of its influence and the slaves of its will, seem almost unconscious of its existence. Few, however, are gifted with the fineness of penetration requisite for such delicate scrutiny,

—and we are too honest and charitable to wish to be among the number, neither perhaps is precision requisite for our purpose, business is rather with action than with motive —and whose part it is merely to submit a certain train of results which are to be accounted for, and acknowledged or rejected, by the philosophy, the feeling, and the imagination of the reader. We shall not, therefore, attempt any laboured analysis of the new causes of disagreement which speedily sprung up between the lovers, after every thing appeared to have been so smoothly arranged between them, after the consent of Emily's guardian had been obtained, and even Mr. O'Neil had began to reason himself into a toleration of the young Nabob. Hamond's ready talking had taken Emily quite by surprise; and it is pretty certain that if she had been left a longer time to deliberate, Hamond would have been put to a longer term of probation. She felt vexed with her own easiness,

and a little alarmed at the inference which her lover might draw from it. She had not done justice to her own value. Besides, Hamond's way of love-making was any thing, she persuaded herself, but flattering to her desire of influence. He had not sufficiently kept her superiority in mind—he had been so impudently collected and *sensible*, so presumptuously self-possessed. The more she thought on the subject the more convinced she was of the necessity of impressing him with a proper sense of the honour he had obtained.

The means which she adopted to accomplish this, however, were not the happiest in the world. Hamond was not much struck by the pettish and sometimes rather cold manner in which she was accustomed to receive him, as there was nobody more disposed to make allowances for the influence of a peculiar education—but when he observed indications of a marked haughtiness in her demeanour, when she began to speak fluently of genealogies in

his presence, to quote Marmontel and De Lolme on the advantage of titles, to talk pathetically of ill-sorted matches, of poor Addison and his high-born dowager—he felt as if a new light, or rather, a new darkness, were rushing into his soul. He hushed up his resentment, however, with the utmost caution, resolving to creep unawares and with a velvet footstep into the very centre of her character, and shape his conduct according to the conformations which would be there revealed to him.

"I begin to believe," said he, "that I was mistaken in supposing that there could even be an exception to the general position, that it is as easy to brush the shades of her phases from the moon's disk as to sift out the draff of pride and coldness from high birth. My single, lonely instance begins to fail me. I will try it farther, however."

Hamond thus proceeded, hiding his apprehension of her meaning from her, and conse-

quently drawing her out every day into more decided slights and sneers. He had almost made up his mind on the subject, when, one evening, as he was sitting by her side at a small party of friends, some of whom had come to town for the purpose of assisting at the nuptial ceremony, the conversation happened to turn on the comic peculiarities of our friend Remmy O'Lone.

"O, he 's the drollest creature in the world," said Emily. "He never troubles himself to inquire what the object may be of any commission that he receives, but just does whatever you ask him, like a clock, not out of stupidity neither, but merely from a wish to steer clear of any responsibility to himself. It was only a week since, Hamond told him, as he was going to bed at night, that he would want to send him here to Miss Bury in the morning, expecting of course that poor Remmy would ask to know his message in the morning before he set off. But Remmy

would not ask. Not he, indeed. He was here with me at the 'first light,' as he said himself. 'Well, Remmy,' said I, 'what brought you here so early?' 'Whethin I dun know, Miss,' says Remmy, 'but *the* master told me he'd want me to step over to your honour to-day mornen, so I thought most likely, Miss, you must know what is it ail'ded him.' Hamond was telling me a still more curious anecdote about him. He was sent once to a fair in Munster, the fair of Hanna—Vanna—Shana—what was it, Hamond?"

"Shanagolden," said Eugene, bowing and smiling.

"O yes, the fair of Shanagolden. His mistress wanted to purchase half a dozen mug—hog—pig—"

"*Piggins*, they were," said Hamond in reply to her puzzled look, "p-i-g-pig, g i-n-s-gins, piggins," spelling the word, to shew how coolly and equably he took it. "A kind of wooden vessel used for drinking the coagu-

lated residuum of milk, called by the peasantry thick, or skimmed milk."

"Yes," added Emily. "Well, his mistress desired Remmy to purchase half a dozen piggins, and provided him with money for those as well as many other articles. She was rather an anxious poor lady, however, and fearing that Remmy might forget his message, charged about a dozen other friends of hers, who were also going to the fair, to repeat it to him if they should come in contact with him. They all did so, as it happened, and Remmy, determined to punish the good lady for her distrust in his talents, took each as a separate message, and came home in the evening as heavily loaded with piggins as Moses Primrose with his green spectacles."

After the merriment which was occasioned by Emily's arch manner and the exquisite imitation, which she contrived to introduce, of Hamond's native dialect, had subsided, some one asked who this Remmy O'Lone was?

"O 'pon my honour that would puzzle the heralds themselves to tell you, I believe," said Emily, rapidly and lively, "Who is he, Hamond? *No relation of ours?*"

The moment she had uttered the words, she would have given a great deal that it had been in her power to unsay them. Ninety-nine men in a hundred might have passed over the sneer, but she ought to have known enough of Hamond to judge that he would be the hundredth man in the case.—Even those of the company, who secretly enjoyed her little *cuts* at Hamond, looked grave and silent at this broad insult. The young man himself grew pale and red, attempted to say something good-humoured in reply, but his voice failed him—the mirth stuck in his throat—and fell back upon his heart in a burning flood of gall and bitterness. He did not attempt to speak again—and the general tone of the conversation acquired an air of restraint and awkwardness, which was still more observable in the portion

that Emily contributed to it than in any other. Hamond addressed himself, during the remainder of the evening, to Martha O'Brien, while young E—— took place by the side of Emily, and succeeded in persuading himself, notwithstanding her occasional fits of absence and indirect answers, that he had made more way in her estimation on this night than on any other since he had achieved the honour of her acquaintance. His assiduity, however, was absolute torture to Emily, who was anxiously looking out for an opportunity of doing away the unkindness she had blundered upon. None occurred.—Once only as she glanced toward him she met Martha's eye, who compressed her lips, raised her hand slightly, and tossed her head, as much as to say, "*You have done it!*" to which Emily's frightened smile as plainly responded—"*Done what?*"

The company at length separated. Hamond shook hands with Miss O'Brien, bowed formally to Emily, and hurried out of the house,

appearing not to notice the slight action which the latter used to detain him. This indication was too palpable to be misconceived. Emily clasped her hands, pressed one against her brow, shuddered a little, and did not speak during that night.

When she arose the next morning, the following letter lay among others on her toilet. A fearful misgiving clung about her heart as she recognized the hand. She made the door fast, and prepared herself by summoning all her pride to her assistance, before she ventured to break the seal.—The contents were simply these:—

"For the last week I have been led to think, by your demeanour towards me, that the consent with which you honoured me was the effect rather of a hurried and momentary kindness than of the free and settled affection which would, only, make it dear to me. I had, therefore, intended to restore it to you, before

last night; although, I believe, you will do me the justice to acknowledge that I abstained (in violence to my own heart) from using any of the privileges of passion in seeking it—and appealed rather to your reason than your feeling throughout. But a circumstance which took place last night, and which, I suppose, you remember, has shewn me (I say this after much reflection) that ours would not, under any circumstances, be a fortunate union.—The woman who can wound the feelings of her lover can hardly be expected to respect those of her husband. *I thought too, that I could discern a cause* for your demeanour towards me. I wish not that my own selfish affections should interfere with *that*. Mine must be a bitter fate from henceforth, Emily—but I had rather endure it all than make it light and happy at the expense of your inclinations. I return to my humble station with a wiser head and a heavier heart than when I left it.—I go from the scorn of the rich to the pity of the poor—

from the busy mirth of this fascinating world to the lowliness of my provincial life—to the solitude of a fireside that I once fondly dreamed would be a happy one—but which must now remain for ever desolate. Farewell, Emily, and may your high-born lover be as truly, as tenderly, and devotedly attached to you as I would have been."

What *cause?—That!*—What? were the first questions which Emily asked in communion with her own heart after she had perused the letter. The natural quickness of her woman's apprehension, however, enabled her to clear up the mystery, and no sooner was it visible than she hastened to remedy the error which she had committed. A short struggle only took place between her Irish pride and her Irish love, and the latter (as is indeed generally the result of such encounters) bore away the palm. She wrote as follows:—

"The circumstance to which you allude was not so entirely premeditated as you imagine. I acknowledge that I have committed an error, for which I am sincerely sorry. Believe me, I did not mean to do any thing so unkind to myself as to make you seriously uneasy for a moment. Pray come to me, Eugene, and I will engage to convince you of this. My heart will not be at peace till I have had your forgiveness. It was a light sin for so heavy a retaliation as you threaten me with. Once again, come hither quickly. E. B.

"The *cause* which you speak of is so wholly without foundation, that it was a considerable time before I could even form a wild conjecture at the import of that part of your letter."

When Emily had this letter folded, she rung for her attendant and sent her for a taper.

"Who brought this, Nelly?" she asked as the latter (a rather unfashionable *soubrette*,

but retained on the entreaty of her mother, Emily's nurse) re-entered the room with a light.

"Misther O'Lone, Miss," said Nelly.

"Is he gone?"

"O no, Miss,—he's below in the servants' hall, aten a taste."

"I do not like," said her mistress, holding the letter in her hand as if hesitating—"to commit it to his keeping. He's such a stupid fellow, that he may lose it."

"They belies him that toult you so, Miss, saven your presence," said Nelly, with an indignant toss of her head. "May be a little o' Remmy's sense 'ud be wanten to them that wor so free wit their tongue."

"It is well that he has so good a friend to see justice done to his name," said Emily, lowering her eyelids and smiling on her young handmaid, who blushed deeply.

"O fait, Miss, its no great friends he has in me, only the *crackter* they gives of him, that knows him best," said Nelly.

"Well, I will try him on your commendation, Nelly. In the servants' hall, do you say?"

"Iss, Miss, I'll send him out upon the landen-place to you."

When Remmy was summoned from his comfortable seat by the great coal-fire, he started up hastily—laid down the cup of tea which he had been drinking—smoothed his hair over his brow—and anxiously clearing all appearances of the amusement he had been indulging in from his outward man, he hurried towards the door. As he laid his hand on the handle, he suddenly turned round, and in a countenance of much alarm, asked :—

"I wouldn't have the sign o' liquor on me, Nelly? would I?"*

"Is it after the tay you'd have it, you innocent?" said Nelly, smiling in scorn at his simplicity.

* *Wonld I have?* or *would you have?* among the lower Irish means *have I?* or *have you?*

Remmy did not stop to dispute the matter with her, but hurried into the hall, where he found Emily standing on the staircase, and expecting him. He turned out his toes, made his best bow, and then fixed himself in an attitude of the deepest attention, his head thrust forward and thrown slightly on one side, so as to bring both eyes into a parallel line with hers—his ears elevated, and his mouth half open, as if he were endeavouring to receive her commands at every possible aperture of his senses.

"Remmy," said the young lady, "I wish you to take this letter to your master—"

"Iss, Miss ——"

"Stay a moment—"

"O why should'nt I, Miss—I'd do any thing in the ——"

"I'm convinced of that, Remmy, but I only wish you to attend to me—"

"Oh then I'll engage I will,—Miss—Well—sure I'm houlden me tongue now any way," he

added, as another impatient gesture from Emily solicited his attention.

"Give that letter safe, Remmy, and here—I have given you a great deal of trouble lately—you will buy something with these," putting into his hand a number of the small notes which were current at the time. "Take care of the letter," she added, as she tripped up stairs, leaving Remmy fixed in a position of comic wonder and gratitude.

"One, two, three, four—an a pound—five, six!—Six three-and-nine-penny notes, and a pound!" he exclaimed, as he stood on the brick floor of the servants' hall, counting the papers as he folded them, and buried them in the bottomless and sunless cavern of his livery pocket. "Now, Nelly, we'll be sayen sometheu, yourself and myself. Would you have a *loand* of a needle and thread you'd give me?"

"For what, Remmy, honey?" said the young soubrette, with the utmost graciousness of tone and manner.

"To put a stitch in the pocket o' my coat then," said Remmy, "in dread I'd lose the little writing she *gay* me out of it, asthora-machree, you wor! An, indeed, it isn't the only *stitch** I'll have about me, Nelly," he added with a tender smile, as he laid his hand on his heart.

"There's no standen you at all, Remmy, you're such a lad! Well, aisy, aisy a while an I'll get it for you." And favouring him with one of her richest smiles, she left the hall.

"No, then, but there's no standen *you* for a 'cute lady," her swain said in soliloquy, with a hard smile, a knowing wink, and a shake of the head that had almost as much meaning in it as my lord Burleigh's—"Isn't it sweet she is grown upon me all in a hurry, now the moment she sees I have the money—Ah, these women!—There's no end to 'em at all, that's what there isn't. A while ago whin I hadn't as much as 'ud pay turnpike for a walken stick

* *Stitch*—any internal pain.

—when my pockets were so low that if you danced a hornpipe in one of 'em, you wouldn't break your shins against a haip'ny—then 'twas all on the high horse with her," elevating his head and waving his hand in imitative disdain —" Nolly me Dan Jerry !—Who daar say black is the white o' me eye? and now, the minute the money comes, I'll be bail she turns over a new lafe. They may get to the bottom of the Devil's Punch Bowl in K'llarney, or the Poul Dhub of Knockfierna, or the Bay o' Biscay, that they says hasn't e'er a bottom at all to id, only all water intirely; but the man that 'll get to the rights of a woman will go a start deeper than any of 'em, I'm thinken. The boys* arn't equal at all for 'em that way in taken your measure as it ware wit a look, while you'd be thinken o' nothen, and thinken they wor thinken o' nothen either, but 'tis they that would all the while—But it's only fair, poor craturs," he added with a compassionate and tolerating

* Men.

tone—" as they're wake one way, they ought to be strong another, or else sure they'd be murdered intirely. They couldn't stand the place at all for the boys, af they hadn't a vacancy at 'em that way in 'cuteness, inwardly. Murder! murder! butt its they that does come round uz in one way or another ——— Ah—the girl in the gap, an' duck o' diamonds you wor," he added, rapidly changing his manner, as Nelly re-entered with the needle and thread—"Talken of you to meself I was, while you wor away, I'm so fond o' you. Imaging your peckthur to meself, is it ware, in my own mind." And laying the letter on the window, while he took off his coat, for the more convenience, he proceeded with Nelly's assistance to incarcerate the precious epistle.

In a few minutes a line of circumvallation was drawn around the fortified receptacle, and Remmy having satisfied himself that no possible point of egress or ingress was left undefended, took a moving farewell of Nelly, and

hastened to acquit himself of the responsibility which he had taken upon his shoulders. We shall see *how* he acquitted himself in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

These women are strange things.
'Tis something of the latest now to weep—
You should have wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with those tears at home.
Scornful Lady.

THE danger and inconvenience of extremes, are, I believe, coeval with men's experience. Had Emily left Remmy to the guidance of his own natural share of prudence, the great probability is that her letter would have reached its destination in perfect safety; but the *extreme* vigilance which she induced him to exercise, greatly lessened the number of chances in its favour. He certainly did not once cease thinking of it from the moment he left the house until he arrived at his master's door. He se-

lected the shortest way—avoided all the crowds —manfully refused two invitations to 'step in an take a mornen' from different friends—and kept his hand continually hovering about the pocket in which the important charge was deposited. His surprise, therefore, was extreme, when, just before he ventured to waken the slumbering echoes of the area and coal vault, he found on examination that the letter was gone!

Enigmatical as this may appear to the reader, it did not long continue so to Remmy, who discovered very speedily that amid all his great caution, while he had sewed up the pocket so securely, he never once thought of putting the letter into it. Rapid as his progress was in advance, the rate at which he retraced his steps was a great deal more expeditious; and he arrived with a face glowing in anxiety, and moist with perspiration, at Mr. O'Brien's house. He tapped at the window—rushed past Nelly, into the servants' hall—the window where he had laid

it was still open—the letter had vanished. He clasped his hands, and uttered a groan, such as in the recesses of Warwick-lane, the sturdy bullock utters, after it has received the *coup de grace,* from the practised arm of the victualler.

"Nelly, we're done for!—I lost the letter —— You wouldn't have it, would you?"—You wouldn't see it after me there upon the windy?"

"Fait an I'm sure dat I didn't, Remmy."

Another groan. "An after all the charges she *gay* me about it. I wouldn't face her wit sech a story for the world. Lord direct them that tuk it, whoamsomever they wor, but they did great harm, this mornen."

"'Twould be better say nott'n at all about it, may be, Remmy."

"Who knows but it's true for you. I wouldn't tell herself such a foolish thing as that I lost it, for the world. I'll tell you how it is, Nelly. Better lave it to 'emselves, Eh? —Them bits o' writen they do be senden one to another is nothen, you see, but love-letters,

that way, and sure its no loss what was in that scrap of a paper when they'll be married shortly for life."

"True for you, Remmy."

"May be they wouldn't talk of it at all whin they'd meet, an' if they did itself, sure all that 'll be about it is a scolden, the same as I'd get now af I toult it. Do you see now, Nelly, honey?"

"Oh 'iss, an' I think it stands wit raison what you say, Remmy. There'd be no *ho* wit her, sure, after given you the notes an' all," said Nelly, who felt herself in some degree implicated in the transaction by her adventurous and unhappily too enthusiastic estimation of the value of her lover's head. "I wouldn't face her after the notes, any way."

"May be to take 'em *of** me she would, eh?" said Remmy, in additional alarm.

"O she 's too much of a lady for that, but

* From.

indeed she would begridge that it was themselves wint in place o' de letter."

It was finally arranged between them that Hamond should learn nothing of the letter from Remmy, and, if possible, that its miscarriage should be also kept secret from Miss Bury.

Notwithstanding the tone of his letter, which in reality he more than half believed, Hamond was not prepared to be taken so immediately at his word as Emily appeared by her silence to have done. The certainty of his fate, moreover, was confirmed to him by the flourishing account Remmy gave of the jocund health and spirits in which he had left the young lady—the brogue-footed Mercury conceiving that he could not better supply the loss of the letter than by communicating all the pleasing intelligence his own observation or invention could furnish.

Whatever Emily's feelings were on the receipt of Hamond's letter—how deep soever

the regret and remorse which it awakened within her spirit, how fierce soever the struggle which she had to sustain against her roused-up pride, it may readily be supposed that the apparently contemptuous silence with which her last, gentle, tender, and (in her own judgment) humiliating confession was treated, was not calculated to alleviate the convulsion in her mind. The first day passed over in anxious vigilance, the next in anger and deep offence, the third in wild alarm, the fourth in awe-struck, deadly certainty of misery—for proud and high-hearted as she was, the fate which she so unwittingly earned for herself *was* misery to her. A week passed away, but no Hamond, nor no indication of his existence arrived at her guardian's house.

It is perhaps one of the most costly charges attendant on the maintenance of pride, that its votaries relinquish all claim to the comforts of human sympathy. When it happens moreover (as unfortunately was the case in the

instance of Emily Bury) that this dearly purchased folly is lodged in a bosom otherwise filled with gentle and softening affections, the cruel tyranny which it exercises over them is sufficient to make life a protracted sickness under any circumstances, and more especially so when the sufferer is compelled to be his own only comforter—to nourish the lonely, smothering agony within his heart, and make it his sole care to confine the flame that is secretly making ashes of his peace, so that it shall be evident through no chink or cleft in his demeanour. Both the pride and the affection of our heroine received a violent stimulus from this *dèmele* with her lover. When she stooped so low as to solicit his forgiveness in the terms which she used, she had not the remotest possible apprehension that her condescension could be unappreciated or ineffectual. If the question had ever occurred to her mind by accident, it is not easy to conjecture whether the letter would ever have been forwarded.

But she wrote in an interval of lucid kindness and natural generosity—love's bounty was at the moment unchecked by the caution of her cold ruling passion—she wished to make Hamond an ample compensation for the unkindness of which he complained, and she pictured to her own heart the gushing rapture, the tears of love, of gratitude, and ecstacy which should for ever wash away the remembrance of that single blot in their affection—that unhappy jar, which however she, in the fond confidence of her sanguine love, taught her judgment to regard only as one of those useful misunderstandings which make the hearts of lovers more closely acquainted than ever—a momentary shadow—a trimming of the lamp of love which would eventually serve only to strengthen and purify its flame—she had no fear that Hamond really intended to extinguish it—and when that fear *did* come upon her heart, darkness deep and absolute came and abode there with it.

She had not even the consolation of her friend Martha's confidence; and the easy impenetrable indifference which the latter (though by no means dull of inference or apprehension) observed in all Emily's conduct, induced her to believe that in reality the circumstance did not clash in any degree with her inclinations. Still, however, she was totally at a loss to discover a motive for the conduct of her young friend. It was true that the latter, who would not permit a single inquiry or even remark at all verging on the subject, received the visits of the young Baron E——, but she could not by this manœuvre hoodwink Martha so completely as to prevent her seeing that it was a mere feint—a mask, under cover of which some concealed and lurking passion was laying the foundation of a far different fortune for its victim. So far was the haughty young Irishwoman enabled to conquer her own nature, that she was much less frequently to be found alone than usual—

she forced herself into the glare and bustle of society, for fear the slightest ground of suspicion might be afforded that she could for a moment descend to the consciousness of a natural emotion—her smiles were showered around in greater profusion than before—carmine and all the precious succedanea of the period were anxiously made to tread in the steps of her departing bloom, and render its flight as secret and imperceptible as that of the peace of mind on which it had been nurtured—her mirth was louder (if loud it could be at any time) than before—and many even of her most intimate friends began to congratulate her on her enfranchisement from what now appeared to have been a weary thraldom. Amid all this proud superiority of mind, however, Emily was a more real object of compassion than the most yielding, and helpless, and forsaken of her sex —and she could not have brought her spirit to bear its burthen so enduringly, but for the resentment which the positive injustice with

which her letter had been treated by Hamond, excited in her mind, and to which she constantly referred her heart in moments of depression. When a little time rolled by, however, and regret began to assume the mastery over anger, she found the task of dissimulation more burthensome than before. When she happened to be left for any time to the company of her own feelings, they would rush upon her with such an o'er-mastering influence, as to quite subdue her resolution, and drag her down to the level of plain humanity, in her own despite. Her bosom would heave, her frame would tremble, and the pent-up sorrow swell and labour in her throat, until the approach of some wandering inmate of the mansion startled the sleeping dragon of self-esteem —when her character would again assume its armour—she would repel by a violent effort the rising passion, press her hands flat and close upon her neck, to stifle the rebellious impulse of her woman's nature—and like Lady

Townley, in her gambling mood, "make a great gulp and swallow it."

Nearly a fortnight had thus elapsed, when, as Emily was laying aside her dress (after an excursion to Howth with her friend Martha and some acquaintances), in order to prepare for the evening toilet, her attendant, Nelly, entered the room as usual to give her assistance. Her mistress, who was not so guarded in the presence of the soubrette, as in that of her more sensitive and sharp-eyed friends, and who was fatigued in heart and soul from the toilsome pleasures of the forenoon, sat at the table, her arm leaning on the toilet-cloth, her hand supporting her forehead, and her eyes fixed in thoughtful melancholy upon the floor.

"Isn't it greatly Mr. Hamond wouldn't call before he went, Miss?" Nelly said timidly, as she passed softly by the young lady's chair.

Emily raised her head quickly and in strong interest—"Went! whither, Nelly?"

"Sure, never a know do I know, Miss, but to be walken down there, by Eden quay, and to meet Remmy O'Lone, an he goen wit a walise or a kind of a portmantle onder his arm, out to the Pigeon-house."

"For what purpose, did he say?" asked Emily, endeavouring to subdue the cruel anxiety which began to stir within her bosom.

"I'll tell you that, Miss. 'Good morrow, Remmy,' says I. 'Good morrow kindly, Nelly,' says he, 'how is your Misses?' says he. 'Pretty well, Remmy,' says I, 'considering.' 'I'm not goen to see you any more now, Nelly,' says he. 'Why so?' says I. 'Wisha then, I do'n' know,' says he, 'but my master is for foreign parts, direct,' says he, so—"

"Abroad!—going abroad? leaving Ireland!" Emily exclaimed, starting up in undisguised alarm.

"The very words I said meself, Miss. 'What!' says I, 'goen abroad,' says I, 'laven Ireland,' says I. 'Iss, in trawt,' says he, 'the

passage is tuk an all, an this,' says he, shewen me the portmantle the same time, ' is the last thing that's not on board yet—himself is on the high seas be this time, or will be before—"

" Good heaven, I was not prepared for this.—This is too dreadful!" Emily repeated, half aloud, as if unconscious of an auditor.

" Me own very word to him, Miss. ' It's dreadful, Remmy,' says I, ' an you too,' says I, ' that ought to have *some* sense, any way, goen after that bedlamite,' says I. ' Sure you know, Nelly,' says he, again, ' I can't help meself. He that's bound he must obey, while he that's free can run away,' says he, ' I must do the master's bidden, Nelly—his *hipsy dicksy* is enough for me.' Ah, Miss Em'ly, sure its often I heerd that men was rovers, an its now we both feels it to our cost."

" I desire," said her mistress, with a look of cold and proud reproof, " that I may not

be implicated in any such ridiculous association." Then resuming the train of her abstracted reflections, while Nelly submissively disavowed any intention to do so wicked a thing as to 'implikit' so good a 'Misses,' Emily again murmured—"Gone!—Could it possibly have been any thing—any new insult in my last letter, that—"

"I beg pard'n, Miss," said Nelly, "but what was that you were sayen about a letter?"

"I gave it you, Nelly, that morning, and—"

"In dread, you are, that it is anythen in that Mr. Hamond tuk offence at. Make your mind aisy on that head, Miss, for he couldn't do it."

"How do you mean?"

Nelly, who thought concealment any longer useless, and perhaps mischievous, replied to the last question, by giving her young mistress a detailed account of the transaction, with which the reader is already acquainted.

"And you knew of this, Nelly, and said not a word of it to me!"

"O then, heav'n forgive us all, Miss. I can't say but I did, indeed; an sure if I knew it would be any hurt—"

Emily had listened to her at first with astonishment—then fierce anger—then utter horror; until at length, as the girl circumstantially unfolded her iniquity, the offence assumed a magnitude too gigantic for any extremity of rage or of punishment. She panted, whitened, trembled—and at length sunk with a burst of tears in the attendant's arms, as she exclaimed—"My poor girl, you did not know what you were doing, but you have ruined your mistress."

The shrill scream which Nelly set up at seeing the condition of her mistress, though checked almost instantly by the latter, brought Miss O'Brien into the room, who was shocked and terrified by the condition in which she found her friend. She hastened

to snatch her from the arms of her waiting-maid, to support her upon her own bosom, and endeavour, by caresses and the usual tender attentions, to restore her to some degree of composure.

"Nelly, leave the room," said Miss O'Brien. "What, in the name of wonder, can have happened, Emily?" she added, as the weeping and repentant girl obeyed her,—"What does this mean?"

"It means, Martha, that I have been practising a fatal cheat upon you and on my own heart. Hamond has left the country, and under the conviction that I have acted a false and selfish part towards him."

"I was not prepared to hear that he was gone," said Martha, a little puzzled, "but, I declare, Emily, I thought from your conduct this time past, that—"

"I know it. It was my wish to make you think so. I had written him a note, full of penitence, and requesting to see him, here, as

soon as possible. He did not come, and I was anxious to save myself from the contempt which a knowledge of the degrading slight must necessarily occasion. But I now find that by some awkwardness of our servants, that letter was never received by him—and here have I been the dupe of my own folly, while he believes himself to have been treated with coldness and ingratitude. O Martha, I wish I had taken your advice, when last we spoke on the subject. You knew him better than I."

"Be comforted, Emily. It is fortunate that you have learned the circumstance in time to effect an explanation. If he has gone, we cannot find it difficult, either through his banker or some other channel, to procure a clue to his probable residence abroad—and all shall be well again in a few weeks."

Fate, however, seemed disposed to make the lovers more deeply sensible of their mutual folly, by falsifying this consoling pre-

diction. An accident which had intervened, confirmed Hamond in his resolution of relinquishing his passion, if possible—at all events, of separating himself from its object for ever.

He had lingered, in the unacknowledged hope of receiving some inducement to a reconciliation, at his old residence, for about a fortnight after he had sent the letter above-mentioned. In the midst of his wavering and irresolute humours, however, he received an account from Remmy of the increased frequency of Lord E——'s visits. This circumstance, combined with Emily's silence, completely unsettled the hope that was beginning to take ground (for love's hope requires but light footing) on the barren possibility of a misconception.

"And now," said Hamond, after he had dispatched his servant to secure him a place in the packet, which was to sail on the following morning, "Now, farewell high life, and

happiness, for ever! Farewell, the sweet anxieties, and mortifying kindnesses of patronage—the chance courtesies—the eleemosynary smiles that are flung in pity to the unfriended mendicant for fashion—" he stamped violently and set his teeth as the degrading epithet suggested itself to his mind. " Welcome now the wide world, with all its changes of clime, condition, and fortune! Welcome my own vulgar station. Its coarseness is but the wholesome blustering of nature's own elements, which may be much more easily provided against, than the secret, withering mildew, that is silently showered upon the heart, amid all the sunshine and summer kindness of high-born hypocrisy. Farewell, love! and welcome toil, travel, and extremity! Farewell, Emily! let pride and honour make good to your happiness all the devoted tenderness which you have rejected, and I will myself say that you are wealthy in your loss."

He repeated his farewell with a deeper and drearier feeling, however, on the following morning, when he stood on the deck of the packet, and cast his eyes with a parting fondness over the distant hills of Wicklow, that separated him from his old Munster home. The morning was a still and beautiful one—and the face of the bay, agitated only by the bulk of its own waters into that leaping undulation which we cannot describe otherwise than by referring the reader (in defiance of the imputation of a common-place affectation) to Claude Lorraine's embarkation pictures, looked clear and glassy-green. The pier was crowded with passengers who were waiting to see their effects safely stowed before they took their own places in the vessel, with clamorous jingle-men and ragged, half-starved porters; members of the exiled parliament made up for the winter campaign; and adventurers of every description, who devoutly believed that gold and fame grew like blackberries upon hedges

every where except in poor Ireland—and who, if they did not actually suppose that the houses in London were tiled with pancakes, and the streets paved with wedges of gold—yet would have staked their existence that something very good must be had there or so many people would not be constantly going and *never* returning; and lulled their hearts with the delicious promise of a delusion quite as vain, if not so palpably absurd as that above alluded to of poor Whittington. They saw not—and Hamond saw not *then*, though his after experience brought the picture in all its reality before his eyes—they saw not the thousand causes of that *never*—that eternal absence of those who trod before them the path which they were then treading, and had never retraced their steps. They heard only of the fortunes of those who lived and prospered—they knew not—they asked not of the fate of the many who failed and perished, and whose tale remained untold. They beheld not, in the blindness of their san-

guine hearts—the host of evils which counterbalance the lonely and fortuitous good fortune of the single adventurer. They saw not the poor but contented cottager of the Irish hills estranged from the careless simplicity of his turfen hearth—and driving a miserable trade amid the vile and stifling recesses of St. Giles's and Saffron-hill; with some bits of old cord—a knife-brick—a few heads of greens—a trace of onions—a bushel of coals—a mangling machine—and a few pounds of potatoes for his whole stock,—or hurrying to its close the wasting flame of a miserable life amid the abominations of a London night-house. They saw not the wretched basket-woman of Covent-garden market, whom the demon of discontent had found living in the happy ignorance of her own wants, the grace and blooming ornament of some mountain hamlet in her native land—they saw not the baffled politician burying himself in the gloom of his lonely apartment, after having squandered a life in earning

for himself the curses of his own people and the contempt of those among whom he sojourned—they saw him not as he drew the last, long sigh—and looked the long, last look toward the window that opened on the west—ere he put to its fatal use the weapon that was for ever to shut out the sight and sound of the ruin he had made, from the organs of his mortal sense. They saw not the young, acutely sensitive, and fine-principled enthusiast, whom the folly of friends, or the consciousness of merit forced abroad upon the world—shrinking in disgust and agony from the cruel reality which displaced the faëry splendours of his own fond imagination—or curbing his high spirit down to the mean and crawling uses of a hireling and a time-server—bartering his youthful principle for bread—or, perhaps, sternly preserving it, and turning aside from the wonder—the scorn—and indifference of the world, to die in want and solitude, and hide his brilliant qualities of heart and mind in the

gloom of a pauper's grave, unthought of, and unpitied.

While Hamond sat indulging the barren and listless humour which the utter ruin of his own hopes had cast upon him, his eye was attracted by the sight of a small vessel, which was rapidly gliding by them in the direction of the hill of Howth. The distance was not so great as to prevent his fully distinguishing the persons and features of its crew; and when he had done so, his heart bounded within his bosom, as if it would have deserted its mansion. Miss O'Brien, and Emily Bury were seated near the stern, and an elegant-looking young man, whom he had no difficulty in recognizing as the obnoxious E——, was seated near the latter. He was apparently describing to her the effect of some particular scenery in the country, for his hand was frequently pointed towards the Wicklow hills, and Emily often smiled and bowed her head as in assent. Hamond felt his frame tremble, and his heart sink, and

sicken, as he leaned against the mast of the vessel.

The dreariness which his own want of object or interest occasioned with his soul, was tenfold increased by the apparent anxiety and bustle of those around him. He felt, as he turned aside from the painful testimony, which his own eyes afforded him, of his mistress's falsehood—and as he gazed upon the crowd of busy faces that were flitting about his own, as if he were among beings of another world, in whose proceedings he could take no possible interest—or as if he had returned from the grave, to look with the full knowledge of the utter vanity of all earthly pursuits, upon the dry and common toil of his unseeing species. Presently, a fellow struck up some popular air, on a clarionet, upon the deck of the packet that lay near. The well known sounds produced an instant bustle among the passengers. The women threw by their cloaks, and the country fellows

cautiously keeping their bundles in their hands, and occasionally wheeling their sticks, in an impulse of extatic delight, with a "hoopwhishk!" above their heads, kept up a pattering heel-and-toe measure, upon the boards. Many of those on board were about to revisit the scenes of their early youth—some few, perhaps, returning crowned with wealth and success after a long life of toil and trial, were enjoying, in anticipation, the delight of pouring their riches into the lap of an impoverished parent, and bringing peace and joy into the bosom of a sorrowing household. —Another, perhaps, was about to feel once more upon his cheek the tears of a devoted wife, and the innocent kisses of the children from whom he had been torn by the tyranny of circumstances.—Another might be returning to the house and the affections of a forsaken and forgiving father. Another, yet, had a first love to meet, and even he, the most desolate among them, who had no such immediate

friends to welcome him to the home he had left—felt his spirit mount, and his heart make healthful music within him, while he thought of laying him down

"To husband out life's taper at the close,"

among the wild hills and "pleasant places," where he had spent the happiest years (it is an old thing to say—but its staleness may be pardoned for its truth)—that heaven accords to man, in a world where *no* positive happiness can exist—but where life runs on between regrét for the past—want for the present—and hope for the future. Hamond, on the contrary, was leaving a land, which was, and was not, his home—and where he had filled a nameless place in society, without stamp or station—possessing claims to various conditions, and properly belonging to none.

A light wind shortly sprung up, and the vessel left the land. Hamond again caught a distant glimpse of Emily's little pleasure-boat,

as it glided swiftly on its course. The morning sun, falling on the slate roofs along the shore, and on the tarred and patched mainsails of the smacks which were used for the destruction of the famous Dublin-bay herrings (a staple article of fast-fare, as popular in the Irish metropolis as the renowned John Dory at Billingsgate), gave an appearance of gaudy animation to the scene. Onward still the vessel went, and the receding music came over the waters like a farewell. The pleasure-boat became invisible in the haze of the morning sunshine, and Hamond plunged into the gloom of his cabin an estranged and altered man.

END OF VOL. I.

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